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NO. V.—THE LAST SURVIVOR OF THE ANCIENT ENGLISH HIERARCHY.—PART II.

(*Thomas Goldwell, Bishop of St. Asaph.*)

ON reaching the Continent, Bishop Goldwell set off at once for Rome, but falling ill on the way, was obliged to return to Louvain, where he spent the next winter. In February, 1560, he visited Antwerp to provide necessaries for his journey to Rome, for which place, as we learn from Sir John Legh's letter to Queen Elizabeth,¹ he had already started on March 8th.² The report at Antwerp was that he would be made Cardinal on his arrival.

But Bishop Goldwell's thoughts were fixed on something very different from dignities. After a short stay at Rome, he pursued his journey to Naples, where he returned once more to the Theatine house of St. Paul's, in which he had been formerly professed, and resumed, though a bishop, the manner of life and exercises of a simple religious.³ Still, his heart never ceased to yearn towards his native country, and he refused at different times rich bishoprics which were offered him in Italy, that he might be more free, as opportunities should arise, to labour for his countrymen.⁴ Often in conversation he would give vent to his burning desire for the conversion of England to the Catholic faith, and he used to say to Father Tufo, when talking familiarly with him, that "he could never have brought himself to return to Italy and leave those unhappy souls, especially those of his own diocese, a prey to the heretics, like sheep to wolves, if he had entertained any hope of being able to help them, even by shedding his blood for them, as so many others of his countrymen had done. But that when he saw every way

¹ P.R. *Foreign, Elizabeth*, 1560, 838.

² Dodd, vol. i. p. 513, adds that he travelled thither with Dr. Maurice Clenock.

³ *Silos*, i. 382.

⁴ Tufo, 46.

of saving these souls from the devil's hands intercepted, he had determined to return to his Order."⁵

Bishop Goldwell had not been many months at St. Paul's when the General Chapter of the Order, which met at Rome, January, 1561, appointed him Superior of that house.⁶ There were then living at St. Paul's, Blessed Paul of Arezzo, afterwards Cardinal and Archbishop of Naples, whom Goldwell succeeded in the office of Superior, Blessed John Marinoni, who was Superior after him, and St. Andrew of Avellino, who filled the post of Master of Novices. To be chosen Superior with such men for subjects shows the extraordinary opinion which the General Chapter must have entertained of Goldwell's virtue and capacity. "He exercised this office," Father Tufo writes, "in a paternal manner, with great charity and prudence, to the entire satisfaction of his fathers and brothers."⁷

But Bishop Goldwell was not destined to remain long in this position; for in the month of March or April he was sent for to Rome by Pope Pius the Fourth, at the petition of the English Catholics, on some matter of grave importance to the interests of the Church in England, though what its nature was has not been left on record. When this affair was ended, he at once prepared to return to Naples; but was prevented from doing so by an order from the Pope to attend the Ecumenical Council, which had been summoned to resume its sittings at Trent on Easter Day, 1561. Before, however, he set out for Trent, he was appointed Master of the English Hospital at Rome, in succession to the last master, Sir Edward Carne.⁸ On Sunday, June 15, the Bishop of St. Asaph arrived at Trent, and on Wednesday, the 25th of the same month, being the vigil of St. Vigilius, the Protector and Advocate of Trent, he officiated at Vespers in the presence of the Legates and all the Fathers of the Council.⁹ "His arrival," Pallavicino says, "was regarded as a matter of honour and joy; but it was a cause of no less indignation to the Queen of England, as implying contempt and non-recognition of her as head of the Anglican Church."¹⁰ Secretary Cecil was duly informed by his agent, Guido

⁵ Tufo, 45. Father Tufo was received into the Theatine Order in 1568 (Silos, i. 493).

⁶ Tufo, 45; Silos, i. 446.

⁷ Tufo, 45.

⁸ Tierney's *Dodd*, ii. 169, note.

⁹ Acta Conc. Trid. Massarello, i. 668. Edit. Theiner.

¹⁰ Pallavicino, l. iv. c. xi. n. 4.

Giannetti, in a letter dated Venice, March 14, 1562, that besides bishops from Italy and other countries there was then at Trent, "I will not say from England, but rather from the Roman Court, Thomas Goldwell, called Bishop of St. Asaph."¹¹ Queen Elizabeth's annoyance at the presence of an English Bishop at Trent, is evident from a letter which she wrote to Mundt, her envoy in Germany, March 21, 1562. "As to the first matter," she says, "we think it may be that one Goldwell, a very simple and fond man, having in our late sister's time been named to a small bishopric in Wales called St. Asaph, though never thereto admitted, flying out of the realm upon our sister's death, is gone to Rome as a renegade, and there using the name of a bishop, without order or title, is perhaps gone in the train of some Cardinal to Trent, and so it is likely the speech hath arisen of a bishop of England being there."¹² The Queen would not have told such a palpable falsehood to her envoy, if Goldwell's presence at the Council had been a matter of indifference to her.

On the part of Bishop Goldwell, however, there was no reluctance to serve the Queen at Trent, if she had been willing to give him the opportunity of doing so. On May 4, 1552, he wrote as follows to Cecil.

Right honourable Mr. Secretary,—I, seeing so many ambassadors and prelates sent hither from other princes, and none to be here in the name of our Queen, thought it my duty to advertise you how things go here; not that I seek thereby, God is my witness, any profit, but only to do her Highness and my country service, if it is in my power. We here of late keep congregations almost every day, the holidays except. In the which hitherto we have entreated nothing but such as pertains to the reformation of the Church: so that though much matter be metely well digested, yet there is nothing decreed; for that we do only in the sessions, of the which we have hitherto kept but two. The first was only the opening of the Council. In the second was granted that there should be safeconduct given to all men that would require it to come hither of what faith soever they were. And in this session were admitted the ambassadors of the Emperor, and of the King of Portugal, and other. The third session shall be kept the 14th day of this month; in the which the Ambassadors of Venice, and other shall be admitted. But I think that the decrees shall be deferred eight days longer at the instance of Mgr. Lansac, who desireth, if he can, then to be present. The number and names of the prelates and ambassadors here you shall perceive by the bill inclosed.

¹¹ P.R. *Foreign, Elizabeth, 1562, 935.*

¹² *Ibid.* 948.

If you be disposed to write unto me, wrap your letters in a piece of paper and make the superscription, Al Mag^{co}. M. Bap^{ta}. Burdono, m^{ro} delle poste in Trento, and cause your letters to be directed to the master of the post in Antwerp, and they shall come as safely to my hand as if you sent a post for that purpose. So that without expenses, rumour, or knowledge of any man we may entreat anything that shall seem good to the Queen's Highness. And thus fare you well.

At Trent, the 4th of May.

Yours to my power,

THOMAS ASAPHEN.¹³

The letter was directed to Sir William Cecil. It bears an endorsement by Cecil's secretary—"4 May, 1562. Goldwell to my master, from Trent, with the names of those that were present at the Council." No answer seems to have been sent to this communication; probably the writer expected none.

We may now turn to the Bishop of St. Asaph's occupations at the Council.

The correction of the Roman Breviary and Missal had been long recognized by the Sovereign Pontiff as an urgent necessity. But a work of such grave importance required much time and labour before it could be brought to completion. Already, in 1529, Pope Clement the Seventh had encouraged the Theatines to make this matter the object of their special study, and he even permitted them to put to a practical test the result of their labours, by giving them leave to recite the Divine Office and celebrate Mass, for the space of one year, with such changes and corrections as they might judge to be expedient. Paul the Fourth, who when a Theatine had paid great attention to the subject, on becoming Pope granted permission to adopt certain minor alterations, but he did not consider that the matter had been as yet discussed with sufficient completeness to admit of his imposing any of these corrections on the Universal Church. When the Council of Trent met anew under Pope Pius the Fourth, His Holiness referred the whole question to the Fathers of the Council; and he sent them at their request the annotations made by Paul the Fourth and preserved in the Theatine archives. The Council intrusted the work of revision to a Commission, of which the Bishop of St. Asaph, as a Theatine, was naturally appointed a member. There is a letter written by him in this capacity to the Theatine, Bernardino Scotti, Cardinal

¹³ P.R. *Foreign, Elizabeth*, vol. xxxvii. p. 14.

of Trani, who had been long occupied with the subject of liturgical reform. It is as follows—

To the most Illustrious and Reverend Lord Cardinal of Trani.

Your most illustrious lordship's very courteous letter of the 5th inst., and the information it contains, have given no small consolation to these most reverend prelates, who by commission of the Council have been charged with collecting the abuses regarding the holy Mass, and who, knowing that our Lord [the Pope] has intrusted to your most illustrious lordship the care of correcting the Breviary, and aware that the emendation of the Missal is connected with that of the Breviary, hope that in the reform both of the one and the other you will surpass our expectations, so that they will not have to give themselves any more trouble about the Missal, but will only have to make some canons concerning the abuses. We are labouring hard here in preparing things for the coming session. Last week we buried the most reverend Monsignor elect of Turli. The other prelates, by God's grace, are very well. The most illustrious legates, Monsignor Seripando and Monsignor of Ermeland, salute your most illustrious lordship. The most reverend Monsignor Cerenda and I most humbly kiss your hand.

At Trent, 24th August, 1562.

Your most illustrious and reverend lordship's most humble servant,

DON THOMAS, Bishop of St. Asaph.¹⁴

The Council of Trent had not time to bring this important work of reformation to a conclusion. It was obliged in its last Session to refer the matter back again to the Sovereign Pontiff, praying him to do by his own authority whatever he might judge necessary.¹⁵ Accordingly, Pope Pius the Fourth appointed a special Congregation at Rome, of which the Bishop of St. Asaph was a member, to continue the work of revision. St. Pius the Fifth added to this Congregation other learned men, and was able at length (July 9, 1568) to bring the labours of so many years to a conclusion, by giving to the Universal Church the Roman Breviary and Missal in their present amended form.¹⁶

The Bishop of St. Asaph took an active part in another question of importance which was at one time agitated in the Council. In June, 1563, there was much debate among the Fathers as to whether it would not be advisable for the Council

¹⁴ Tufo, *Supplim.* 13; Silos, i. 94—98, 448. The Theatines, as Regular Clerks, retained at first for a time the title of Don, which was usually borne by the secular clergy.

¹⁵ Conc. Trid. Sessio xxv. *De indice librorum et catechismo, breviario et missali.*

¹⁶ Merati, tom. iii. p. 15. Edit. Venet.

to pronounce a solemn sentence of excommunication against Queen Elizabeth of England. For two days the matter was greatly discussed, and at length it was resolved to refer the decision of it to the Sovereign Pontiff. Bishop Goldwell did his best to induce the Council to excommunicate the Queen, and he also wrote to the Cardinal of Trani, begging him to use all his influence with the Pope for the same object. Pius the Fourth was personally in favour of what had been proposed; in deference, however, to the express wishes of the Emperor Maximilian the Second, he judged it more prudent to let the matter drop.¹⁷

Bishop Goldwell remained at Trent until the end of the Council. During the whole of his stay there he was treated, as he mentions in a letter to the Cardinal of Trani, with singular kindness by the Cardinal Legate, Hosius, Bishop of Ermeland, who even obliged him, in spite of his reluctance, to live with him as his guest.¹⁸

On December 4, 1563, the Bishop of St. Asaph was present at the concluding Session of the Council, and signed the decrees. He was now free to leave Trent. But a work of great difficulty and importance was awaiting him. St. Charles Borromeo was anxious to introduce without delay into his vast and long neglected diocese of Milan the reforms of Trent. But it was impossible for him to do this in person, since he could not leave Rome, where, as Cardinal-nephew to Pope Pius the Fourth, he had to bear no small portion of the solicitude of the Universal Church. He needed, therefore, some one of zeal and spirit like his own to represent him at Milan; and finding no one better suited for this work than the Bishop of St. Asaph, he appointed him his Vicar-General.¹⁹

Scarcely, however, had Bishop Goldwell entered upon his new office, when he was obliged to leave it, owing to the Pope having sent him a command to go into Flanders, with the view of crossing thence into England. There is an allusion to this in a letter from St. Charles to the Blessed Paul of Arezzo, at that time Superior of St. Paul's at Naples. It is interesting as showing once more how greatly the Theatines valued Goldwell. The Blessed Paul, having been compelled by express precept of the Pope to accept the office of Ambassador from the city of Naples to Philip the Second of Spain on a matter of very great importance to the city, wrote to St. Charles to entreat that the Bishop of St. Asaph might be sent to take his place as

¹⁷ *Silos*, i. 447.¹⁸ *Ibid.*¹⁹ *Ibid.* 469.

Superior of St. Paul's during his absence. St. Charles replied (May 27, 1564), "As to the Bishop of St. Asaph, His Holiness has thought of sending him into Flanders, where he will be able to render some service to his Church, though not altogether as much as would be needful. Have patience, then, if he cannot go to Naples in your place."²⁰ On leaving Milan, Bishop Goldwell went to Rome to receive the Pope's instructions relative to his mission to England. While there he became acquainted with Richard Creagh, a young Irish priest, who had been sent thither by the Nuncio in Ireland as a fit person to fill one or other of the vacant sees of Armagh and Cashel. Creagh's own desire was to become a Theatine, but instead of obtaining permission to carry out this wish, for which he had petitioned the Pope, he received a command from His Holiness, under pain of excommunication, to accept the archbishopric of Armagh. He was accordingly consecrated bishop on Easter Day, 1564, and set out on his return to Ireland in the month of July following. Being taken prisoner and sent to England next year, he was examined on February 22, by Sir William Cecil, and in reply to the question, How many English or Irish he was acquainted with in Rome? he answered: "I saw and spake some time with . . . the Master of the English Hospital, called there the Bishop of St. Asse, and others dwelling in the said hospital." Again, in the report of another examination to which he was subjected in the Tower of London, March 17, it is recorded that "he saith that Goldwell and he dined and talked together divers times, and at one time this examinee heard that a Frenchman of the Pope's palace should report that Frenchmen had entered and invaded England, the which talk Goldwell doubted to be true, and thereupon they sent to the palace to inquire the certainty, and then after the Frenchman denied it, and so they found it untrue."²¹

The news of Bishop Goldwell's intended journey to England seems to have preceded him. For it was in vain that he and those who accompanied him tried to cross from Flanders. They found that the English coasts were watched, that portraits of the Bishop had been sent to the different seaports, and a reward offered for his arrest. Nothing remained but to abandon the attempt and return to Italy.

²⁰ Tufo, 93; *Supplimento*, 94.

²¹ The original examinations are given in Shirley's *Letters and Papers illustrative of the History of the Church of Ireland*, 1851.

The Bishop of St. Asaph seems to have stopped for a short time at Milan on his way back to Rome, for on June 25, 1565, we find him addressing the following letter of congratulation to his friend the Archbishop of Armagh, on the occasion of the latter's miraculous escape from the Tower of London.

Most illustrious and reverend Lord,—As I grieved much on hearing that your Grace, after reaching Ireland, had been treacherously seized and taken to the Tower of London, so I rejoiced exceedingly when I heard that you had escaped thence, as it seems, miraculously, and had gone to Louvain, where you are the guest of your friend and mine, good Master Michael, who I doubt not rejoiced as much at your arrival as I was glad at your escape. And when your lordship has leisure, you would do me a very great pleasure if you would kindly write to me the particulars of your deliverance. For when I first heard of it, the thing appeared to me so stupendous, that it seemed like St. Peter's vision when the angel led him forth from prison. But however it happened, praise be to God for having been pleased to take care of His servant; and to His divine protection I commend your Grace, and myself to your prayers. And as it is reported here that your lordship was accompanied to Ireland by an English Father of the Society of Jesus, some of those who are here desire much to know what has become of him. There lives in this city a very worthy Irish Jesuit, named Maurice, who was exceedingly rejoiced at hearing of your escape. May it please your lordship to salute in my name the reverend Master Michael, your host.

At Milan, 20th June, 1565.

Your most illustrious lordship's unworthy brother and servant,

THOMAS GOLDWELL, Bishop of St. Asaph.²²

It was in the second half of 1565 that Bishop Goldwell returned to Rome, and took up his abode at the Theatine house of St. Sylvester on Monte Cavallo.²³ Here he lived a life of the strictest retirement, avoiding the courts, punctual in every religious observance, and only distinguished from his brethren by his episcopal insignia.²⁴ Outside the house he was occupied

²² *Analecta Sacra, nova et mira de rebus Catholicorum in Hibernia*, pt. iii. p. 17. Colonie, 1617. By David Rooth, or Rothe, Bishop of Ossory. Archbishop Creagh was subsequently recaptured in Ireland and recommitted to the Tower of London, where he died of poison, October 16, 1585, after a captivity for the faith of eighteen years. See a sketch of his life in the *Rambler*, vol. xi. p. 366, 1853.

²³ The House and Church of St. Sylvester continued in the possession of the Theatine Order until 1801, when for a compensation of four or five thousand scudi, they were transferred by Pius the Seventh to Father Paccanari and his companions. In 1814, at the dissolution of Father Paccanari's society, they were given by Pius the Seventh to the Congregation of the Mission, or Vincentians (Moroni, *Dizionario*, vol. lxxiii. p. 131).

²⁴ Silos, i. 477; Castaldo, 241.

in works of charity, and he especially devoted himself to the service of the English exiles, who, after abandoning their kindred and possessions for the faith, flocked for aid and consolation to the common centre of Christendom. The mastership of the English Hospital, which he continued to hold until 1567, gave him greater opportunities of exercising his charity in their regard. An incidental proof of his kindness towards his countrymen may be found in a letter of Arthur Hall to Cecil, dated Venice, August 7, 1568, in which the writer says that at Rome "he found divers Englishmen. Mr. Goldwell, late Bishop of St. Asaph, used him courteously, but the rest being about fourteen or sixteen, the most being in a hospital there, reported him a heretic."²⁵

On February 1, 1566, Bishop Goldwell consecrated the Theatine Church of St. Sylvester, attached to the convent of this name, in which he lived, and also the high altar of the same church. Seventeen years later, September 14, 1583, on the occasion of the enlargement of the sanctuary of the church, he consecrated anew the high altar, as an inscription in the case of relics testifies.²⁶ In the spring of 1566 the Bishop presided over the General Chapter of his Order, which was held at Venice. He had been appointed to this office by the General Chapter of the preceding year. Under his presidency it was resolved to urge the Superiors of the different houses to tighten the reins of discipline, lest the great increase of the Order which had taken place should lead to laxity of religious observance.²⁷ On two other occasions, namely, in 1567 and in 1572, Bishop Goldwell presided over the General Chapter of the Theatines.²⁸

But the Bishop of St. Asaph was not long suffered to live in retirement at St. Sylvester's. The office of Vicar, or representative of the Cardinal Archpriest, in the Lateran Church had lately fallen vacant, and St. Pius the Fifth, knowing no one more fit than Bishop Goldwell to watch over the conduct of the clergy and the due performance of Divine worship in the Basilica, appointed him about the year 1567 to this responsible post. Goldwell fulfilled the duties of his charge to the complete satisfaction of St. Pius the Fifth and of the succeeding Pope, Gregory the Thirteenth, who confirmed him in the appointment. At length, however, perceiving that the canons of the Basilica bore with difficulty the strictness of his government, he resigned the office, and retired once more to St. Sylvester's, where he

²⁵ P.R. *Foreign, Eliz.* 1568, 2404. ²⁶ Tufo, 51. ²⁷ Silos, i. 483. ²⁸ *Ibid.* 485, 511.

resumed the life of religious observance and sacred study, which was so dear to him.²⁰

On August 1, 1568, we find him taking part as assistant bishop in the consecration of one of his religious brethren, the Blessed Paul of Arezzo, the Superior of St. Sylvester's, whom St. Pius the Fifth had compelled, under a precept of obedience and the pain of mortal sin, to accept the bishopric of Piacenza.²⁰

In 1570, St. Pius the Fifth, before publishing to the whole Church the sentence of excommunication and deposition which he had pronounced against Queen Elizabeth, ordered a judicial process to be formed, in which evidence of her guilt was taken according to the strict forms of law before the delegated judge, Alexander Riario, general auditor of the Apostolic Camera. Twelve witnesses were interrogated regarding eighteen articles. Bishop Goldwell was cited to give evidence, and his deposition, which was received on February 6, 1570, may still be seen, transcribed from the original process, in Laderkius' *Annales*.²¹

About the year 1572, Bishop Goldwell addressed the following letter to Laurence Vaux, warden of the collegiate church of Manchester in Queen Mary's reign, and an exile for religion under Elizabeth. Father Vaux, after joining the Regular Canons of St. Augustine at Louvain, in 1572, returned as a missionary to England in 1580, where he was soon afterwards apprehended, and condemned to death for the faith in 1585. He died the same year in prison of hunger and privations.

Dearest Father Laurence,—I am very glad to hear that you have not only left dignities and possessions for the Catholic faith in England, but have also lately entered the Order of Regular Canons. This Order of yours has existed since the times of the Apostles, before St. Augustine, who reformed it. And it was held in such high esteem, that eight members of this Religious Order were successively elected Sovereign Pontiffs, one of whom was Adrian the Fourth, an Englishman, our countryman. For five years under Pius the Fifth I presided over the Church of St. John Lateran, which, being the mother and first church of the whole world, was formerly in your Religious Order. I found there many ancient monuments in praise of your Order, and many privileges granted to your Order.²²

²⁰ Tufo, 45; Silos, i. 492.

²⁰ Tufo, 105; Silos, i. 491.

²¹ Laderkius, *Annales*, 1570, xxv.

²² Molanus, *Historie Lovaniensium*, lib. v. cap. 32. See a life of Vaux in the *Rambler*, N.S. vol. iii. p. 399, 1857. Pope Boniface the Eighth, in 1295, substituted Secular Canons for the Regular Canons of St. Augustine at St. John Lateran, which, from being the first in dignity of the five Roman Basilicas, is termed the mother and first church of Rome and of the whole world.

The Bishop of St. Asaph's merit was too well known in Rome to allow of his long remaining unemployed. In 1574, James, Cardinal Savelli, the Cardinal Vicar, a prelate most exact in sacred and ecclesiastical ceremonies, appointed him his suffragan, or as it would now be termed, Vicegerent.³³ As the Cardinal Vicar's office is to represent and replace the Pope in those duties and functions which belong to him, not as Pope, but as Bishop of the diocese of Rome; so it is the Vicegerent's place to act as a kind of vicar-general in *pontificalibus* to the Cardinal Vicar. Hence the office of Vicegerent involves great labour and responsibility. Bishop Goldwell, however, in spite of his advanced age, performed the duties of his new post with marvellous diligence and alacrity. Among the various functions which belonged to him as Vicegerent, he was very frequently called upon to administer the Sacrament of Holy Orders; and since many persons from different nations came to Rome for ordination, priests ordained by him were to be found in all parts of Christendom. This gave occasion to Dr. Robert Turner, Rector of the University of Ingolstadt, when writing to him, to say: "God willed that England should reject thee as bishop, in order that the whole world might honour thee as bishop. It is a thing too evident to need mention that there are scattered abroad throughout Italy, England, France, and Spain, priests anointed by thy hand, and called into being by the power that is in thee."³⁴ Bishop Goldwell when exercising the functions of his office never seemed to be fatigued. In performing ecclesiastical ceremonies it was his custom to say the prayers by heart, instead of from a book, and he went through everything very expeditiously. The pontifical which he was in the habit of

³³ Tufo, 45; Silos, i. 527. Before 1558 the Pope's Vicar for the City of Rome was sometimes a Cardinal and sometimes a bishop, but in 1558 Paul the Fourth united the office to the Sacred College of Cardinals. The office of Vicegerent began with the vicariate of Cardinal Savelli, who was made Vicar in 1560. Until 1717 the Vicegerent was named by the Cardinal Vicar, with the Pope's approval; since then the appointment is made by the Pope himself (Moroni, *Dizion. Eccles.* vol. xcix, pp. 64, 163).

³⁴ Tufo, 48. Anthony Munday, "a rambling stage-player, and according to his own account, an apostate Seminarist of the Roman College, in a scurrilous piece called *The English Romayne Life*" (Tierney's *Dodd*, vol. iii. p. 16, note), printed in 1582, and reprinted in the *Harleian Miscellany*, vol. vii. p. 150, alludes to Bishop Goldwell's office of Vicegerent, where he says that Goldwell, Bishop of St. Asaph "maketh all the English priests in the College, and liveth there among the Theatines very pontifically." Mr. Brewer, who quotes this passage in a note to his edition of Fuller's *Church History*, vol. iv. p. 279, has, without remark, substituted Florentines for Theatines, not knowing apparently what to make of the latter word as it stands in the original.

using was full of corrections and notes in his handwriting. After his death the Fathers of the Congregation of Rites begged earnestly to have this book, and they made great use of it in the correction of the old Roman Pontifical, and many emendations were adopted in conformity with the Bishop's sentiments. Subsequently this book passed into the hands of the Cardinal of Monte Reale, who gave it back to the Theatines. When Father Silos wrote his Chronicle of the Order, it was still preserved as a precious treasure in the sacristy of St. Sylvester's.³⁵

The English College of St. Thomas of Canterbury, at Rome, which was founded by Pope Gregory the Thirteenth in 1578, and endowed by him on December 24, 1580, with the possessions of the English Hospital, must necessarily have been an object of great interest to the Bishop of St. Asaph. The aged Bishop testified on all occasions the warmest affection for the students who were preparing there for the toils and dangers of the English mission. It was also partly due to him that the College was placed under the care of the Jesuit Fathers, for he was one of those who petitioned the Holy Father to intrust it to that Order.³⁶

But Bishop Goldwell was not satisfied with labouring in Rome for the salvation of his countrymen. He was ready, nay eager, though in his eightieth year, to encounter the perils to which the Catholic missionary in England was then exposed. And an occasion arose at this time in which he gave proof of his readiness. In 1580 there were only two bishops surviving of the ancient English hierarchy, Goldwell, Bishop of St. Asaph, who lived at Rome, and Watson, Bishop of Lincoln, who had been long a prisoner in Wisbeach Castle. The want of a bishop in England was therefore keenly felt by the English Catholics. There was no one in the country to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation, and there was no ecclesiastical superior to give unity and direction to the affairs of the mission. For these reasons the English Catholics petitioned the Pope to send them a bishop. His Holiness, however, after due consultation thought it unadvisable to comply with their request, for he feared to expose to certain and immediate danger one whose dignity as a bishop would mark him out as an object of special persecution to the enemies of the faith. When the Bishop of St. Asaph heard of this, he went at once to the Pope, and earnestly besought His Holiness' leave and blessing to undertake this

³⁵ Silos, i. 527.

³⁶ *Ibid.* 598.

dangerous mission ; and with great difficulty, on account of his advanced age and the high esteem in which he was held, at last obtained, or rather wrung, from the Pope the permission which he craved.³⁷ A number of priests were at that time about to leave Rome for England ; some of them were old or Marian priests, as they were termed, others had been educated and ordained in the newly founded seminaries on the Continent ; and, last not least, were Fathers Campion and Persons of the Society of Jesus, which had just then decided to send its members on the English mission. It was arranged that Bishop Goldwell should be the leader of this little company to the scene, as he fondly hoped, of his future labours. An intercepted letter, dated Rome, April 18, 1580, from Robert Owen to Dr. Humphry Ely at Rheims, tells us "how that my lord of St. Asaph and Mr. Dr. Morton³⁸ are gone hence, some say to Venice, some to Flanders, and so further ; which, if it be true, you shall know sooner than we here. God send them well to do whithersoever they go, and specially if they be gone to the harvest. The sale that Mr. Dr. Morton made of all his things, maketh many think *quod non habet animam revertendi*."³⁹ The letter goes on to say that the rest of the company, "with good Father Campion," had started from Rome on foot that very day. Their first destination was Rheims, to which the College for English priests which Dr., afterwards Cardinal, Allen had founded at Douay had been temporarily transferred. The story of their proceedings will best be told in the following entries extracted from the Douay Diary, and made day by day as the events occurred.⁴⁰ "May 24 there came to us from Rome the Reverend Father in Christ, the Bishop of St. Asaph, and Doctor Morton, with only one servant attending them ; who did not disdain to go to table with us in our common refectory, but desired to give us daily the consolation of their presence, until the Reverend Father Bishop was prevented by sickness from coming to the refectory." It may be observed by the way that Father Campion, Persons, and the rest reached the College on

³⁷ Bridgewater's *Concertatio*, pt. i. p. 69, verso ; Simpson's *Campion*, p. 105 ; Tufo, *Suppl.* 94 ; Silos, i. 597.

³⁸ P.R. *Domestic, Elizabeth*, vol. cxxxvii. n. 38. "Dr. N. Morton was a prebendary of York in Queen Mary's reign, who leaving England for conscience' sake in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth, resided for the most part in Rome" (Dodd, ii. 114).

³⁹ The Douay Diary is written in Latin. The volume of it from which the Rev. John Morris, S.J., kindly made the above quoted extracts, is in the Archivium of the Archbishop of Westminster.

May 31, and left for England June 7. "On the same day [June 11], immediately after Vespers in the President's [Dr. Allen] room, the Lord Bishop of St. Asaph fortified with the Sacrament of Confirmation in the constant profession of the Christian warfare, Hubert, gentleman, and Hauseworth, also gentleman, Johnson, Sherson, Jodocadoc, wife of our steward, and her little son, Vavasor, Sherwold, William Powell, Philippa Coffin." "On June 14 there started for Paris the Lord Bishop of St. Asaph, with Dr. Morton, and Edward, the Bishop's servant. They had for conductor on their journey Henry Brown, the President's servant." "On the same day [June 19] there returned from Paris the Lord Bishop of St. Asaph, Dr. Morton, and the Bishop's servant Edward." "On July 27 there came from Paris Mr. Greene, . . . whose arrival is said to have displeased the Governor [of Rheims], because of the plague raging at Paris." "On July 28 were confirmed in the President's room Mr. Leie, Mr. Daniel, the boy Eydon, and two of our steward's children." "On August 7 there were confirmed in St. Stephen's Church by the Lord Bishop of St. Asaph, Mr. Grimston, Mr. Catheriacke, Mr. Coniers, Mr. Clibborne, Pibushe." "On August 8 departed the Reverend Father in Christ, the Lord Bishop of St. Asaph, and Dr. Morton, with Edward the bishop's servant."

Thus ended, according to the narrative of the Douay Diary, Bishop Goldwell's attempt to return to England. As might have been expected considering his great age, the fatigues of the journey had broken down his health, and a continual cough from which he suffered made it clear that he had no longer sufficient strength for a missionary life in England. Besides this, his intention of returning to England had become known there, and special measures had been taken to prevent his entering the country or to seize him on his first arrival. Prudence therefore obliged him to make the sacrifice of his cherished desires, and while his companions, as we have seen, proceeded on their journey to England, he wrote on July 13, as follows to the Pope, placing himself at His Holiness' disposition.

Most Blessed Father,—If I could have crossed into England before my coming had been known there, as I had hoped to do, I think that my going thither would have been a consolation to the Catholics and a satisfaction to your Holiness, whereas now I fear the contrary, since there are so many spies in this kingdom, and my long stay here has made my going to England so well known there, that I doubt now

it will be difficult for me to enter the kingdom without some danger. Nevertheless, if your Holiness is of a different opinion, I will make the attempt, even though it should cost me my life. Still it would be impossible for me alone to supply the needs of all those Catholics, who are many thousand more than I had thought, and in almost every part of the kingdom. The most, I think, I possibly could do would be to supply for the City of London and some miles round it. And therefore in my ignorance I cannot but wonder that, when God has given your Holiness the grace to plant, as it were, anew and to maintain the Catholic faith in that kingdom, you make such great difficulty about creating there three or four titular bishops to preserve and propagate it, although this might be done at as little cost as your Holiness pleases; since God has so inclined the minds of those priests to spend their lives in helping to bring back that kingdom to the Catholic faith, that, if they were made bishops, they would be content to live as poorly as they do now, just as the bishops of the primitive Church did. May God inspire your Holiness to do whatever shall be most for His honour, and prosper you many years. I humbly kiss your feet.

From Rheims 13th July, 1580.

Your Holiness' most devoted servant,

THE BISHOP OF ST. ASAPH.⁴⁰

On the same day Bishop Goldwell wrote the following letter to the Cardinal of Como⁴¹ on behalf of one of the English exiles who had been deprived of his pension from the King of Spain.

Most illustrious and reverend Lord, my most respected master,—Owing to the King of Spain having withdrawn all the pensions which his Majesty has hitherto given in Flanders, there are many persons there suffering great poverty, among whom the most illustrious Charles Neville, Earl of Westmoreland,⁴² has been forced on this account to have recourse to his Majesty. Although he is not known to your most illustrious lordship, he kisses your hand as the Protector of our nation. And seeing that he is not only a Catholic, but is also ruined in his estate and property, and banished from his country for the Catholic faith, he beseeches your most illustrious lordship to be pleased to be

⁴⁰ Theiner, *Annales*, vol. iii. p. 700.

⁴¹ Tolomeo Galli, born in 1525, was raised to the Cardinalate by Pius the Fourth in 1565. He was called the Cardinal of Como from the city to which his family belonged. Among other important offices he held that of Secretary of State to Gregory the Thirteenth. He died Bishop of Ostia and Dean of the Sacred College, in 1607.

⁴² "Charles Nevil, Earl of Westmoreland, was a zealous maintainer of the old religion and ready to support its interest upon any occasion. On the 15th of November, 1569, he joined in an insurrection with Thomas Piercy, Earl of Northumberland, whose forces being routed and dispersed, he fled into Scotland. From thence he transported himself into Flanders, where he obtained a pension and a regiment under the King of Spain" (Dodd, vol. ii. p. 38).

his protector, and to obtain from our Lord [the Pope] that His Holiness will deign to write on his behalf to his Catholic Majesty: which if your most illustrious lordship will do, it will oblige him to be always at your command. In truth, most illustrious lord, he is worthy to obtain this favour from His Holiness through your most illustrious lordship's means because, besides being a Catholic and suffering for the faith, he belongs to a most illustrious house, of great power and following, and he is connected in blood with almost all the old nobility of England, and especially with the most illustrious Cardinal Pole, of good memory; and, more than this, he has served with honour his Catholic Majesty in these his wars in Flanders, as is well known to the Duke of Alva and the Prince of Parma; and since Mr. Maurice [Clenock⁴³] can fully inform your most illustrious lordship concerning him, I will say no more. As to myself, I know not what to write to your most illustrious lordship. For a month past, through God's grace, I have been free from the fever, and yet I am not well either in body or mind. I am waiting for His Holiness' decision; and I pray your lordship to do me the favour of letting me receive it as soon as possible. I humbly kiss your hand.

From Rheims, July 13, 1580.

Your most illustrious lordship's servant,

THE BISHOP OF ST. ASAPH.⁴⁴

The Pope's decision, which the Bishop was so anxiously expecting, soon arrived; and in accordance with it on August 8 he set out,⁴⁵ as we have seen, with a heavy heart for Rome, after first bidding farewell to Ralph Sherwin, who had stayed behind to wait on him when ill at Rheims, and who was soon afterwards to die a martyr's death in London.⁴⁶

The Bishop of St. Asaph on reaching Rome went back again to St. Sylvester's, and resumed once more his functions of Vicegerent. We will group together here the few remaining incidents of his life. If some of them seem hardly worth

⁴³ Dr. Maurice Clenock, a native of Wales, was Professor of Canon Law (B.C.L. 1548) and Doctor of Divinity at Oxford. In Queen Mary's reign he was a prebendary of York, almoner and secretary to Cardinal Pole, and Chancellor of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury. Shortly before the Queen's death in 1558, he was nominated to the bishopric of Bangor, but never consecrated. He left England at Queen Elizabeth's accession, and went to Rome, where he was made Master of the English Hospital in 1578. At the foundation of the English College he was appointed by Gregory the Thirteenth its first Superior; but he only held the office for a short time, until the College was transferred to the care of the Jesuits (*Dodd*, vol. i. p. 513).

⁴⁴ Theiner, *Annales*, vol. iii. p. 701. Bishop Goldwell was himself in receipt of a pension from the King of Spain, if we may trust a list of pensioners in the Public Record Office. P.R. *Domestic, Elizabeth*, vol. 146, n. 18.

⁴⁵ *Dodd*, vol. i. p. 507.

⁴⁶ *Concertatio*, pt. i. p. 70.

recording, they will at least help us to picture him to ourselves in his every-day occupations.⁴⁷ "On the 7th [March, 1579]," Mr. Haddock writes from Rome, "there was a Solemn Mass sung at the Minerva by my Lord of St. Asaph's, before thirty-three Cardinals, upon St. Thomas' Day."⁴⁸ In 1583, on the feast of the Purification, Bishop Goldwell tonsured St. Camillus of Lellis, and on the following Sunday, being the feast of St. Matthias, gave him minor orders in the sacristy of St. Sylvester's. In 1584 he conferred upon the same saint the subdiaconate on an ember day in Lent, the diaconate on *Sitientes* Saturday, and the priesthood at Pentecost.⁴⁹ In 1584 he consecrated several altars in the Basilica of St. Cæcilia across the Tiber.⁵⁰ He led Matthew Cudner, a young English confessor for the faith, to enter the Theatine Order, in which he lived and died holily.⁵¹ He was consulted by Dr. Allen, afterwards Cardinal, upon everything of moment, as appears from a letter of the Bishop to Allen, which Dodd has printed, "in which he gives Allen his opinion concerning the Apology he was publishing for the seminaries, and other writings of that doctor." The letter is as follows—

To our very loving and assured friend Dr. Allen, at Rheims.

Right reverend Mr. President,—By the last post, save this, I received your letters common to Father Rector and me; and we both together did what we could with my Lord Cardinal Como. But of him we could get no great hope. My thinketh that our cause doth scant penetrate into these men. We also delivered your letters, and a copy of the proclamation, to my Lord Cardinal Sti. Sixti. But with him, according to your counsel, we intreated your need but superficially, who gave us gentle audience and good words. Thus, because the Pope was at his villa, it seemed good to Father Rector to send a copy of your common letter to the Master of the Chamber, who did both present it and read it to His Holiness; and of this and of what has followed, I doubt not but Father Rector has certified you at length. Upon the

⁴⁷ Cole, in a note to Wood's *Athene*, Edit. Bliss., says that in 1569 Goldwell was executor to Sir Robert Peckham, who died at Rome. Laderkius mentions that he had seen Bishop Goldwell's name on the tomb of Robert Peckham in St. Cecilia's Church at Rome (*Annales*, vol. iii. p. 212). Peckham was a member of the Privy Council in Queen Mary's reign, and died in exile on account of the faith (Dodd, vol. ii. p. 56).

⁴⁸ Richard Haddock's letter to Dr. Allen from Rome, March 9, 1579; Tierney's *Dodd*, vol. ii. p. ccclix.

⁴⁹ *Vita di S. Camillo*, p. 32. Roma, 1837.

⁵⁰ Laderkius, *Annales*, vol. iii. p. 212.

⁵¹ Castaldo, 244; Silos, i. 612.

14th of this month, after Evensong, I received your letters of the 14th of the last month; but not the part of your Apology, because the Father gave it to be translated as soon as he had read your letter. Wherefore the next day, as soon as I had said Mass, I went to the College and informed Father Rector that out of England you had been prayed to use no words and terms towards the Queen but honourable: for fear lest it should turn to the poor Catholics more trouble at home. I ordered also that in the title should be written: "Authore Gulielmo Alano, Presidente Collegii Rhemensis;" and that the Colleges should be called the Pope's Colleges, with such other things which yourself ordained in your letters. If you have written any other letters to me, I have not had them: nor Mr. Bailly's letter of the receipt and distribution of His Holiness' alms ever came to my hands. Insomuch that at this present, if Mr. Martin had not written to me a courteous letter of the receipt of his part, I had not to this hour known that Mr. Bailly had received it. At which I have sometimes so much marvelled that I was half determined never to entangle myself any more in that matter. For it is no small danger for me to stand here bound to be countable for it. Wherefore, I pray you, desire Mr. Bailly to think by what way he sent me that letter; that I may either have it, or that he will be content to take the pains to write me another of that matter for my discharge. I pray you commend me to Mr. Martin, and thank him for his long letter. It doth hurt me to write much, and therefore I trust he will be content that I write not particularly to him. You know that I am old and not very lusty. But this notwithstanding, I will advertise you of such things in your book, *De Eucharistia*, which do not please all men, although peradventure you will be able to defend them. As in the third chapter of the first book, where you do intreat the difference between this sacrament and the others, you say in this very well: "Quod forma hujus sacramenti applicatur ad materiam, et non dicitur super recipientem, ut in cæteris, ubi dicitur applicando materiam ad personam: Ego te ablavo," &c., more had bettered by it, if you, using the common words of the Church, had said: "Ego te baptizo." In the eleventh chapter, where you write, "De vino congelato," you have almost all here against you, because they follow the common Doctors: Sylvester, verbo *Eucharistia*, viz. prope finem: "Si vinum in calice congeletur, sacerdos illud ante consecrationem resolvat; ut habeat rationem actualem potus. Si tamen non resolvat, adhuc conficit, quia vinum congelatum a non congelato specie non differt, sed solum accidentali qualitate." Io de Lapide, cap. vii. art. 4, in fine: "Sacerdos curam adhibere debet ut vinum congelatum resolvatur, vel per applicationem prunarum, vel alio modo, ut recipiat rationem actualem potus. Si tamen non resolveretur, nihilominus posset confici, quia per congectionem natura vini non est corrupta." Armilla, verbo *Missa*, n. 24: "Si vinum congeletur in calice ante consecrationem, debet liquefieri, si potest, et sic consecrari, ut sit actu potabile. Si autem congelatum consecratur, erit consecratum, quia non differt ab alio non congelato

specie, sed tantum qualitate." Io de Lapide, cap. vii. art. 5, n. 4: "Quid agendum, si cum sumi debet sanguis, species vini sit congelata? Solutio. Fiat resolutio." The whole leaf of the thirty-first chapter does almost wholly displease them. When in the thirty-first chapter you say, "Quod Papa solemniter celebrante, cardinales etiam assistentes et ministri communicent." This is not true. But if you would peradventure have said, "Quod cardinalis diaconus et subdiaconus communicent de eadem hostia quam de calice; et sic de utraque specie," you should have said truth. Thus fare you well, as I should myself.

At Rome, the 17th of April, 1581.

Yours,

THOMAS ASAPHEN.⁵³

Lastly, as the Sovereign Pontiffs and the Council of Trent had at an earlier period employed Bishop Goldwell in the correction of the Roman Breviary and Missal, so towards the close of his life, in 1582, he was appointed by Gregory the Thirteenth a member of the Congregation for the revision of the Roman Martyrology.⁵³

The Bishop of St. Asaph's life was now drawing very near its close. The death of Watson, Bishop of Lincoln, in Wisbeach Castle on September 27, 1584, had left him the sole survivor of the English hierarchy. But he was not long to outlive his brethren. The following year, April 3, 1585,⁵⁴ he died at St. Sylvester's, fortified with the last Sacraments, in his eighty-fifth year. On his death-bed he predicted that the Sovereign Pontiff, Gregory the Thirteenth, would die within a few days; and though the Pope was at that time well enough to be able to hold a Consistory on the following Monday, two days later, namely, on Wednesday, which was the seventh day after Goldwell's death, he expired.⁵⁵ The Bishop of St. Asaph was buried in the cemetery of St. Sylvester's, and his funeral was attended by the principal English gentlemen at Rome, who bewailed in him one who had been to them a refuge in their exile, and whom they loved and venerated as a father. He was also tenderly lamented by his fathers and brothers in religion, to whom he had endeared himself by many years of loving intimacy. And as the purity and sincerity of his heart, says

⁵³ Dodd, vol. i. p. 507; vol. ii. p. 224.

⁵⁴ Tufo, 47; Silos, i. 638.

⁵⁵ Tufo, 47; Castaldo, 243; Silos, i. 637. Wood, whom other English writers follow, gives the date incorrectly. Strype is correct as to the year. He says, "Anno 1559. Goldwell . . . went privately away beyond the sea. . . . [He] lived afterwards at Rome twenty-six years, and there died" (*Annals*, vol. i. pt. i. p. 215).

⁵⁶ Silos, i. 639.

Father Tufo, shone in his face, so did he ever bear himself with a gay and cheerful demeanour towards all men, but especially towards his brothers in religion, with whom he was very courteous and affable in his manners. He was very strict in following all the regular observances of the community, and until his last illness, though he had been a bishop thirty years, he always went to the common refectory, nor would he allow anything additional to be set before him. It was with great difficulty that the fathers prevailed upon him to add to his morning meal two eggs, which they thought his advanced age rendered absolutely indispensable. In like manner he was most regular in attending the choir, and, up to the end of his life, he used to rise every night with the fathers to say Matins. He had a particular devotion to the Most Holy Sacrament, and made a practice of saying the first Mass at St. Sylvester's, every morning, winter and summer.⁶⁶ He would never accept any privilege or dispensation from the rule on account of his episcopal dignity; and he was not only most exact himself in regular observance, but, when Superior, he insisted on no less exactness in others, alleging as a reason that the religious state is a hospital for souls not bodies, and that our chief solicitude should be about the former, not the latter. He gave a remarkable proof of this in the illness of which he died; for though repeatedly pressed to do so, he never would show the slightest wish for anything but what the infirmarian had got ready for him, and he would say to the brother, "Prepare what God inspires you with, and I will eat as much of it as I am able."⁶⁷ Cardinal Baronius, in his notes on the Roman Martyrology, published in 1586, has left the following testimony to the high esteem in which he held Bishop Goldwell. After referring to the accounts older writers have given of the miracles worked at St. Winifred's Well, he adds—"But I have heard greater things than these from a most faithful eye-witness, the most reverend Thomas, Bishop of St. Asaph, suffragan of the Roman Pontiff for the performance of episcopal functions, a man conspicuous for holiness of life, the confession of the faith, and learning, who lately died at Rome, to the sorrow of all good persons."⁶⁸

⁶⁶ Tufo, 47.

⁶⁷ Castaldo, 243.

⁶⁸ Baronius, *Martyrologium Romanum*, November 3. St. Philip Neri must have been well acquainted with Bishop Goldwell, since, according to a Theatine writer, the Saint "used often to come to our house of St. Sylvester" (*Vita di Orsola Benicasa*, p. 75. By Bagatta, Clerico Regolare. Venetia, 1671).

Nicholas Sanders, or rather Sanders' continuator, Rishton, when reckoning up the bishops who had been deprived of their sees by Queen Elizabeth at the beginning of her reign, says—"Thomas Goldwell, Bishop of St. Asaph, lived for twenty-six years full of piety and days at Rome, and not long since died most happily and holily in the Lord."⁵⁹ At the beginning of the last century there was a portrait of Goldwell still existing in the Theatine convent at Ravenna. It bore this inscription—"R.D. Thomas Gouldwellus, Ep. Asaph. Trident. Concilio contra hæreticos et in Anglia contra Elizabeth Fidei confessor conspicuus."⁶⁰ There is another portrait of him in the English College at Rome.

Thus lived and died Thomas Goldwell, the last Bishop of St. Asaph, in whom ended that long line of Bishops who for nearly one thousand years, from St. Augustine downwards, had ruled and fed Christ's flock in England. This ancient hierarchy has passed away with that England which knew but one Christian faith and one spiritual Sovereign. Since then, a new hierarchy has taken its place, the creation of the same hand which called its predecessor into being. Pius the Ninth has done in our day what St. Gregory the Great did in his. But the memory of the saints, martyrs, and saintly men who once filled those elder sees has not passed away. Their deeds and sufferings are still as household words among us. And therefore it is pleasant to reflect that, when England's ancient hierarchy came to an end, its last survivor was one whose life had proved him not unworthy of such ancestry.

T. F. K.

⁵⁹ Sanders, *De Schismate Angl.* lib. iii. Sanders mentions that he was himself ordained priest by Bishop Goldwell (*De visib. Monarch.* p. 662).

⁶⁰ Addison's *Travels through Italy and Switzerland in the years 1701, 1702, 1703.* Mavor's Collection, vol. xiv. p. 55.

*Notes of a Voyage to Kerguelen Island to observe
the Transit of Venus, Dec. 8, 1874.*

PART THE FOURTH.

THE return of the *Volage* from the German station at Betsy Cove brought us to the close of the year 1874, and we still had two months to spend in the Land of Desolation before we could hope to complete the observations we had undertaken. The results required at each of the Government stations differed but little, and yet there was a vast difference in the amount of necessary labour. At some places, where one cloudless night followed another in rapid succession, even the moon observations were a matter of mere ordinary routine; but when half a dozen momentary glimpses at one or other of the clock stars was the only fruit of sitting for several hours, or even for the greater part of the night, at the transit instrument, the snow often falling whilst the star was being observed, it required a strong sense of duty to keep steadily to the work.

Whilst the astronomers were collecting their data for the accurate determination of a fundamental longitude, the naturalist of the party, the Rev. A. E. Eaton, assisted by both officers and men, was actively employed in amassing the natural products of air and land and water. The outer borders of the Antarctic regions abound in sea-birds of every description, and the island of Kerguelen is far from offering any exception to the general rule. A vast island, ninety miles by forty-five, without a tree or shrub throughout its whole extent, would scarcely seem the most fitting spot for birds to breed in, but the absence of woods and trees is partly compensated by the solitude and security of the place. Some of the feathered tribe prefer, with the teal or wild duck, to deposit their eggs in nests built under the cover of the cabbage or tea-plant. Others are contented with an open spot, as the tern and molyhawk, who invariably by their cries and aggressive flight give timely notice of a near approach to their eggs or young. The molyhawk

or skua, is the fiercest of the birds met with in Kerguelen, and it often becomes really dangerous when an attempt is made to rob its nest, swooping down continually to within a few feet of the head of the spoiler. Captain Fuller informed us that on such an occasion one of his men was severely wounded in the head by a blow from a skua, but we fortunately escaped any serious accident. These birds were nevertheless considered as public enemies, and treated with some severity, on account of their hostile demonstrations, and their unmistakable propensity to forget the law of mine and thine. It not unfrequently happened that officers, who had walked a long distance with a heavy gun, and expended a portion of their precious ammunition in shooting a duck, had their temper sorely tried by the sight of a skua swooping down on their bird almost before it had reached the ground, and carrying it far out of reach of its lawful owner. The marines and blue jackets, who had less opportunity of supplying their table with game than the officers, were still more unwilling to allow the molyhawks to indulge in their thievish propensities. On one occasion a marine, who had just shot a bird, had the mortification of seeing a molyhawk quietly carrying off the prey. The man, not wishing to resign his right without an effort, made a rush after the captor, and in his hurry shook his cap off his head. A second molyhawk was as sharp as the first, and the marine had the double loss to deplore of both cap and duck.

The petrels were equally numerous, and quite as interesting as the skuas, but less destructive. These birds burrow in the ground, and as we walked along, especially towards evening, the gentle cooing of the miners could be heard in every direction under our feet. There were eleven distinct species of petrels found during our stay, ranging in size from a small goose to a swallow. They are generally to be found in their holes during the day, and when dug out the hens are often sitting quietly near their nests, whilst the cocks stay in an adjoining passage. Their mode of defence is to spit out a quantity of very noisome matter, and their approach is easily detected at some distance by a strong and exceedingly disagreeable odour.

The beautiful white chionis are often seen, singly or in pairs, according to the season of the year, near the water's edge, and their strongly spotted eggs, are found among the rocks on the sea shore. Of their own accord some of these birds spent several weeks with us, walking about among our

huts like tame pigeons, until to our great regret they met with an untimely fate.

Unlike the birds already mentioned, the shags, or cormorants, live together in large numbers, choosing the sloping side of a rock for their rookery. The penguins, too, of whom we found three distinct species, viz., the king penguin, the tufted penguin, and the jackass, or common penguin, live in large communities, sometimes thousands together, and their eggs form a very substantial staple of food for the sealers in those parts. As you walk through their rookeries, situated on grassy slopes, these curious creatures will waddle to one side, or partly up the hill, just fast enough to get out of your way, but if sitting on their nests, will require a push before you can take their eggs. When anxious to escape from you, they throw themselves on their breasts, and use both legs and wings to propel their heavy carcasses. They were incapable of resistance when seized by the beak, and it was a not uncommon sight to see one of the men with a huge bird under each arm trudging off to join his comrades in the shore boat.

In the neighbourhood of Observatory Bay, the sooty albatrosses were not very numerous in comparison with the other birds, and the nearest habitat of the large wandering albatross was the Prince of Wales' Foreland, where large quantities were captured by the seamen of the *Monongahela*, U.S.N., during her stay at Molloy Point immediately after the transit. The nest of the sooty albatross was less easy to find than that of most of the other birds, and it was often very difficult of access, as the captain of the foretop of the *Volage* unfortunately discovered when too late, for his foot slipped on the rock, and he fell a distance of thirty feet, knocking a piece of bone more than an inch long into his skull. This first fall was followed by a rebound, which probably saved his life, as it shook out the piece of loose bone, which otherwise might have presented insurmountable difficulties to the surgeons on board. The hardy old tar soon recovered sufficiently from the fall to be conveyed to his ship, and then he would not allow any one to assist him over the side of the vessel, and gave the customary salute to his officer before being taken below.

The Kerguelen gull seems to differ in nothing from those met with elsewhere. The never failing regularity of its attendance at meal time was a useful model of punctuality ever ready to hand.

The riches of the animal kingdom will be quickly exhausted, as the only trophies of our five months' search were two small mice, which had probably escaped from some vessel, and become acclimatized on the island. The species was evidently European, the only marked feature being the length and softness of the hair. At the suggestion of Captain Nares, R.N., an attempt was made by order of the Admiralty to stock the island with rabbits and goats. The rabbits were procured from Robben Island, the penal settlement of the Cape of Good Hope, and were safely conveyed to Kerguelen. Boxes containing from eight to sixteen were deposited in different localities, and though some certainly perished, those near the dwelling were multiplying rapidly, and appeared to be very comfortably established in the side of the hill, with an abundant supply of cabbage and tea-plant on every side. Their greatest enemies will probably be the molyhawks, one young rabbit having already been killed, and another attacked by these fierce birds, but it is unlikely that they will be exterminated, as the Crozets, which were stocked in a similar manner, are now quite overrun with these prolific animals. The goats, taken from the Cape, were unfortunately breeding fast during the journey to Kerguelen, and only one of the young ones could be preserved in the fearful gale off the coast. Before we left the island, two others had been born, and the mother, in her desire of making her young ones as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, had deposited them in what she probably considered an excellent bed. This was found afterwards to consist of feathers actually pertaining to two young albatrosses, who paid by their lives for their generous hospitality to strangers. The sheep, unwittingly left on the island, were taken there for other than breeding purposes, and must in consequence shortly die out. The only chance of propagation was to leave on shore the pet ram of the *Supply*. This funny little animal had so far lost all natural instinct by long sojourn on board his vessel, with his regime of tea and soup and tobacco, that he positively refused to touch all green food, and when left on shore for a change, leapt at once into the sea, and thus forced the boat to put back for him. We can scarcely wonder at his refusing to condescend to associate with ordinary vulgar sheep.

The study of insect life, of spiders and snails, of worms and wingless flies, would afford many results interesting to the entomologist in this land of desolation, as the specimens are

numerous and peculiar. To the uninitiated the most striking peculiarity was the inability to fly in most of the insects of any considerable size.

Vegetable life was abundant, though not very varied. Besides the species of tea-plant, and the cabbage, and the azorella, which at a distance has the appearance of huge tufts of moss, there were many kinds of ferns and grasses, with mosses and fungi, and lichens. No tree or shrub was found on the island, and the Scotch and Austrian firs, taken out from England, suffered too much during the long voyage to retain vigour enough for the trying climate of Kerguelen. Seeds sown in the drained land near the dwelling-house gave better hopes of success, but our other occupations scarce left us sufficient time to devote to a proper care of our kitchen garden. The soil seemed good, but the strong winds, and the absence of a genial sun, except on rare occasions, must tell greatly against any but the hardiest vegetation.

The climate of Kerguelen, taken as a whole, was much milder and more supportable than we had been led to suppose. It is true that we were never free from the danger of a heavy fall of snow even at midsummer, and the wind seldom failed to blow fully half a gale in the course of forty-eight hours. Occasionally too the strength was so great that it became difficult to stand when exposed to its full violence, and on one occasion a large heavy shutter was torn off one of the observing huts, and carried to a distance of more than thirty yards. Yet there were days when the sun shone brightly, the thermometer standing at 60° Fahr. in the shade, and it was pleasant to saunter about leisurely without great coat and comforter. During the latter end of spring and the summer the temperature seldom fell much below freezing point, the mean being perhaps a little over 40°. From mist we were well protected by the mountains north and west, as Capt. Nares had forewarned us. Of rain we had at times a rather heavy and continuous fall, but between the third week of October and the middle of December there was such a lack of rain that the dust, raised by the high winds in our well drained grounds, became one of our greatest annoyances. The barometer was at first rather a puzzle, for the fine weather came as frequently with a low as with a high pressure, but we soon found that a moving barometer, rising or falling, was the surest sign of coming wind or storm which invariably abated when the mercury attained a maximum.

or a minimum. Altogether we had very little to complain of in the weather, as, in spite of wind and cold, the bill of health was remarkably clean, an average of only two on the sick list out of a numerous crew being a very low rate for any part of the world. Considerable anxiety was at first felt about the health of the seamen, and though our stay was much longer than had been previously anticipated, the precautions taken by Capt. Fairfax met with complete success. Boat racing, and football, and a paper hunt, to say nothing of duck shooting, and sheep stalking, were among our methods of securing healthy exercise, and the first lieutenant never seemed to find it difficult to keep the men from idleness. Before quitting the subject of meteorology, I must not omit to mention the fine display of Aurora Australis witnessed from midnight till two a.m. on Nov. 13th. The rays starting almost from the horizon rose to a height of about 45° , and extended from south to east. The brilliancy and length of the rays varied very much, but there was no great variety in the phenomenon, which consisted mainly of bright vertical rays. On only one or two other occasions did we observe even the faintest indication of an aurora.

The *Monongahela*, U.S.N., which had entered Royal Sound on the very day of the transit, had started at once the work of demolition, pulling down and taking on board all that was valuable at the astronomical station of Molloy Point. On January 11th she was ready to sail for the Cape of Good Hope, and the American astronomers came to bid us farewell. Their steam launch had been sent ten days previously to give us timely notice, we were therefore able to despatch to Europe a well filled letter-bag, and also duplicate copies of all the important observations we had secured since our arrival. The Americans had not received the same stringent instructions respecting the longitude as were thought necessary in the case of the English expedition, and consequently they were now able to return, although they had only secured five transits of the moon and one occultation. The run of the *Swatara* from the Cape to Kerguelen had also, it is true, given them a first approximation to their longitude, and the *Monongahela* now compared chronometers with our transit clock at Observatory Bay preparatory to her return voyage to the Cape. Next morning they were on their way homewards, and as there was nothing now to detain the English crew at the astronomical station, Capt. Fairfax judged it expedient to break the

monotony of their long sojourn at Observatory Bay by a short change of scene. His intention was to spend a fortnight at Sprightly Bay, on the south coast of the island, where the attractions of an active volcano, a magnificent glacier, with hot springs and mineral waters within easy distance, would have made the change very acceptable. The naturalist of our party joined this expedition, as did also Lieut. Goodridge, whose health had never been good, and who was now totally unfit for work. The *Volage* weighed anchor early in the morning of the 13th, and the weather being fine, with only a gentle breeze, the trip to Swain's Bay was exceedingly pleasant. On their way, however, from this place to Sprightly Bay, their progress was suddenly impeded by a sunken rock, which the vessel struck five or six times, destroying more than a hundred feet of the wooden keel, and several feet of the iron one. A head wind was fortunately blowing at the time, and they were proceeding very cautiously, at not more than five knots an hour, so that it was easy to get the vessel off the rock. The consequences might otherwise have been very serious, as the shores were exceedingly steep and difficult of access on that part of the island. This accident forced the ship to return to Swain's Bay, and thus unavoidably diminished considerably the interest of the trip. Whilst the vessel was being examined by the divers, and all damage repaired, the captain afforded every facility to the naturalist for the prosecution of his researches, and an extensive collection of rare seaweeds, a young whale, and some seals, were the trophies brought back to Observatory Bay. The sea about Kerguelen seems to be rich in its varieties of sea plants, but it is almost destitute of fish. Besides a few sea leopards, and sea elephants, a whale, and some porpoises, only single specimens of three or four species were seen. Limpets and mussels are there in abundance, and not unfrequently large quantities of mussel-shells are found high up among the rocks, where the sea birds have carried them. The freshwater lakes are even still less well provided with fish than the sea; not a single specimen was met with during our stay.

On February 1st the *Volage* returned to Royal Sound without obtaining more than a distant glimpse of the sharp mountain peaks around Sprightly Bay, which bear so striking a contrast to the flat-headed basaltic hills of the eastern coast. Our last lunation at Kerguelen was about to commence, and we had hopes that, like its immediate predecessors, it would

furnish us with a good store of lunar observations. These were to be continued until the very morning of departure, but in the meantime many of the instruments could be dismantled and packed, the huts pulled down, the stores shipped, and all made ready for instant departure when the longed for moment arrived. The *Supply* was to return to the Cape with the instruments and stores, and the *Volage* to proceed direct to Ceylon. Duplicates of our observations were sent on board the *Supply*, whilst the *Volage* carried the original manuscripts. The huts now began to disappear one by one. First the photographic observatory, with its dark room, then the equatoreal, and storehouse; next the altazimuth hut, and the observatory dwelling from Swain's Haulover. On the evening of February 26th, the only buildings standing were the dwelling, which was to be left for the benefit of the sealers, and the transit hut, which still covered the last instrument to be used on Kerguelen. About 5^h 30^m a.m. the moon passed the meridian, and before eight o'clock both vessels had weighed anchor, and were merrily steaming out of Observatory Bay on the loveliest morning we had witnessed since our arrival five months before. The moon, which had served us so hardly at first, had become somewhat more tractable, and her transit on the morning of our departure made up a total of nineteen meridian passages, which, with ninety double altitudes or azimuths, and one occultation, furnish the data for our fundamental longitude. The run from the Cape to Kerguelen with eight chronometers, and the longitude connections of gunpowder flashes and chronometers, along with the latitude observations, complete the work done by our expedition for the determination of the exact position of the group of Kerguelen stations. The identification of the localities, and the record of the relative positions of our several instruments also received their due share of attention. For besides the general description of the sites, and the accurate measure of the bearings of prominent land marks, a series of photographs were taken of the stations and surrounding views, a ground plan of the observatory was made by Sapper Hilbert, and surveys of Royal Sound were undertaken by Capt. Inglis and by Lieutenants Vivian and Fenn.

The view of Kerguelen as we neared the entrance to the Sound was truly magnificent, with its snow-covered mountains stretching out in the far distance, and each point of the wild landscape lit up with brilliant sunlight. When we had fairly

cleared the Sound the *Supply* continued to hug the shore, but the *Volage* at once shaped her course due north. No sooner were we well out at sea than a sudden change came over the scene. In lieu of the joyful sunshine we had run into the everlasting mists of the Southern Ocean, and for six or seven days we were never able to see more than a few hundred yards of the waters around us. The track of the Australian clippers had to be crossed at right angles, and there was a little anxiety on account of the denseness of the fog. One of the heavy guns on the port side was kept always ready loaded, to give instant notice to any vessel that might suddenly come in sight. This first week of our return journey was dismal enough, but we had at least the consolation of knowing that we were making good progress. At last we once again obtained a glimpse of the sun and sky, and determined our position by direct observation. We had passed a few hundred miles to the east of St. Paul's, where the French, under Capt. Mouchez, had been watching the transit, and we were now abreast of the central portion of Australia. A day or two of quiet, and then a fresh breeze, which became every hour stronger and stronger, made some think that we had met with the Trade winds more to the south than usual. We had not, however, long to wait before all doubts were put to rest, and every one was fully convinced that we were overtaken by a cyclone. It is well to have witnessed the grandest efforts of nature, but one cyclone is quite sufficient for a lifetime. The storm off Kerguelen had shown us the effects of a westerly gale in the vast Southern Ocean, where there is nothing to break the long waves which roll on from west to east, following each other at regular intervals, threatening each instant to engulf the vessel, and casting tons of water over her decks. But now much has changed. Instead of mist there are clouds as black as coal, huge broken waves replace the vast rollers, and the deafening roar of the wind among the rigging forbids any attempt at word of command. For nine-and-forty hours our captain and first lieutenant are unceasingly at the post of danger; no sleep, and scarcely any food. Another of our boats has been torn from its davits, and has to be cut adrift. The green waves pour freely over the hammock-nettings, carrying seamen bodily over the guns on deck. The men are unable to hold on at the wheel, and one, more vigorous than his mates, is twice carried round without relaxing his grasp. It is almost needless to say that we were

flooded everywhere, the wind blowing a hurricane, and the ship rolling at times more than 45°. Each time that the side of the vessel went completely under water, there was a momentary doubt, in some minds at least, whether she could right herself, but the noble ship behaved gallantly and proved herself thoroughly seaworthy. From calculations made on board afterwards we passed within twenty-two miles of the centre of the cyclone, yet we lost no lives, and our chapter of accidents included only eight slightly wounded. Whilst the storm was at its height we lay to watching every sign that might indicate the direction in which the centre of the cyclone was travelling, and with steam ready for use at a moment's notice. The indications of wind and barometer were at last conclusive, and we steamed away from the dreaded storm, though it was some days before we were quite free from its influence.

Before arriving at Ceylon we met with no further incident, if we except the sudden death of the ship's steward, and the probably not consequent sight of two enormous sharks. Landing at Galle, it was a curious coincidence that we should meet at the hotel Captain McDonald, one of the two independent and almost simultaneous discoverers of Heard Island. From Galle we sailed to Bombay for provisions, thence to Aden, and through the Red Sea and Suez Canal to the Mediterranean.

When the *Volage* reached Galle six months and more had passed since letters had been received from Europe; we were therefore most anxious to read our news from home and to hear what had been going on in England. For many of us the next thought was about the success of the other expeditions sent out to observe the transit of Venus. At each port we found a heavy post with telegrams, and letters, and reports, and articles in abundance on the subject of the transit, and before reaching Europe we were able to form a fair notion of what had been achieved as a whole. It was natural to expect that the English papers would contain fuller reports of the work done at British stations than at those of other nations, but the printed evidence was abundant to show that in the total list of successful observers we might reckon a fair proportion of our own countrymen.

Of the five expeditions sent out from Greenwich one only failed, and Rodriguez and Egypt were remarkably successful. In India the Government astronomers, Col. Tennant and Capt. Campbell, as well as observers at five other stations were equally

fortunate. Australia, though less well situated, was as well provided for as India. Mr. Ellery, of Melbourne, and Mr. Russell, of Sydney, organized and trained observers most carefully, more than twelve of whom met with the most complete success. Mr. Tebbutt of New South Wales, Mr. Stone at the Cape, and others in Ceylon, Mauritius, and even Malta procured useful results. Among private observers we must not omit to mention Col. Campbell and Admiral Ommanney, who were stationed in Egypt, and Lord Lindsay, whose private expedition to Mauritius was probably the most complete, both as regards men and material, sent out by any country, and who obtained results of very great value, in spite of the loss of the contacts at ingress. The Imperial Astronomer of Russia, Prof. Struvé, met with less success than he had a right to anticipate, nineteen failures being registered against eight partial and five complete successes. The entire failure of the heroic attempt of M. Bouquet de la Grye, sent by France to Campbell Island, was in part compensated by the remarkable good fortune of Capt. Mouchez at St. Paul's; and the observations of Dr. Janssen at Nagasaki were well worthy of his high repute as an astronomer. France also was well represented at Pekin. Germany and America secured some excellent results, but envious clouds seem to have somewhat marred their efforts at most of their stations. Austria, Holland, and Italy have also added some valuable details.

The accuracy of the results, and the consequent degree of approximation to the true solar distance, now attained, can only be correctly estimated after a most careful examination of the observations themselves; but from what we know of the extreme care taken in the longitude determinations and of the nature of the contacts, as also of the excellence of the photographs, we may predict with confidence that the labour and expense will not have been in vain. But apart from the times of contact and the measures of the photographs, which require long and persevering labour previous to their discussion, many results have been obtained which are of value in themselves, and also from throwing light on what should be done in 1882. Beginning with what may have attracted less attention, we notice that among the many measures taken for determining the apparent diameter of Venus, by which her size is found in terms of her distance, three observers in particular paid special attention to the shape of the planet. At Mauritius,

Dr. Copeland, rotating one image of Venus round the other in the double image eye-piece, could detect no trace of ellipticity, and Dr. Auwers observing in Egypt confirmed this result by one hundred and four measures of the diameter. Yet, on the other hand, we learn that Col. Tennant finds a decided departure from the circular form in the twenty-eight differences of declination and forty of right ascension which he took of the two limbs of the planet.

Again, an observation made by Tacchini in India confirms the statement first published, I believe, by Padre Secchi, that the diameter of the sun as seen through the spectroscope is smaller than that visible to the unassisted eye, which is equivalent to saying that the brighter portion of the chromosphere, which lies immediately on the photosphere, is brilliant enough to make a sensible addition to the solar diameter. This was shown by the times of internal contact at egress, as the contact occurred earlier when observed through the spectroscope than when viewed directly by the telescope.

Dr. Janssen has thrown considerable light on the comparison of photographs with eye observations, by taking a photograph of the sun at ingress at the moment of apparent internal geometrical contact. The picture shows that photographic contact had not yet taken place. This result was confirmed by a plate of forty-seven photographs.

The existence of a bright spot on the surface of Venus was noticed by Russell in Australia and Pringle in India. The former gives its position as near the pole of the planet. It might therefore, as has been already pointed out, be due to the increase of refractive power with the intensity of cold in the planetary atmosphere.

Another observation made by Dr. Janssen previous to first external contact is well worthy of remark. Knowing the chromosphere to be very rich in violent rays, and therefore choosing a tint of glass capable of cutting off a very large portion of the photospheric light without diminishing in any similar proportion the brilliancy of the chromosphere, he was able to see the dark body of the planet projected on a brighter background as it approached the edge of the sun. The description given by Mr. Henderson, of Victoria, of Venus as distinctly visible on a faint phosphorescent looking background, would lead us to suppose that he had also seen the planet on the chromosphere; and this is also the impression conveyed by the words in which

Mr. Todd, of Adelaide, relates what he himself witnessed. Some of the photographs taken when Venus was only partially on the sun are an apparent confirmation that Venus might be seen by aid of the chromosphere; but without a careful examination of the negatives, it is dangerous to draw any positive conclusions from these pictures.

A question very fully discussed during the preparations for the late transit, concerning the reality of a phenomenon at internal contact called the Black Drop, appears to have been fairly answered by the observations of 1874. The Government Astronomer at the Cape, Colonel Walker, Messrs. Hunter and Tebbutt, and two out of the thirteen observers of Mr. Russell, are the only persons who could detect any approach to the true Black Drop, where the planet is drawn out in the direction of the sun's limb so as to appear egg-shaped, or, rather, pear-shaped. Mr. Hennessey observed at the same station in India as Col. Walker, but at a height greater by four thousand three hundred feet, and he attributes his not seeing the drop to the greater clearness of the atmosphere. This cause alone would certainly be insufficient to account for all the observations; but considering the very large number of practised observers who were watching the transit with the expectation of witnessing the phenomenon, and yet could not detect the least trace, it is no slur on any one to attribute the appearance to some peculiarity of atmospheric conditions, or of instrument, or even of a personal nature. Besides those mentioned above, there were some few others, as Capt. Fleuriais and Messrs. Meldrum, Moerlin, and Gore, who saw no change of form in the planet, but still could detect traces of a true ligament. The number, however, was very great of those who observed a slight shadow between the two limbs before or after the joining of the cusps at ingress or their formation at egress. In some cases this haziness was accompanied by a tremulous motion, denoting a disturbing action of the atmosphere. The instantaneous photographs of internal contact seem not to favour the view of the reality of the Black Drop.

Another appearance, witnessed by most of those who, under favourable circumstances, took part in the late observations, deserves our most careful attention. In 1761, Chappe, with more than six other observers, saw a faint ring of light round that portion of the limb of Venus which was off the sun, and in 1769 the same phenomenon is recorded by an equal number

of astronomers. Maskelyne describes the ring as a vivid but narrow and ill-defined border of light, which he lost sight of before contact. During the last transit this border of light, seen by so many in every portion of the globe where the sun was visible, is generally described as a faint silvery light, totally different from the brilliant sunlight, but closely resembling moonlight. It was in 1874 well defined and abruptly terminated. In the report given by Wall it is described as a fine, clear, delicate line of light, which became clearer as internal contact approached at ingress. Pringle says that the ring was of the same thickness throughout; but Tebbutt found it much broader along the northern regions, and Gilbert in the north-west. Tacchini examined it with his spectroscope, and discovered that it contained aqueous vapour. During the transits of 1761 and 1769 several observers also saw a faint ring round Venus when she had entered wholly on the sun. Hitchens says that it was excessively white and faint. Messrs. Gore and Ellery examined Venus very carefully in 1874, but could see nothing of this ring, and Col. Campbell, Prof. Auwers, and Dr. Döllén only perceived it when near the limb of the sun. On the contrary, it appeared to Nairne in 1769 brighter and whiter than the body of the sun, and Russell reports that during the late transit it was manifestly brighter than the sun. Mr. Hennessey also saw this ring round the limb of Venus whilst on the sun. The photographs are adduced in confirmation of the excessive brilliancy of the ring, but the extra deposit of silver around Venus in the negatives may possibly be otherwise satisfactorily explained. The existence of an atmosphere round Venus may, however, be considered as fully established, and this must necessarily have an important bearing on the contact observations, explaining the gradual submergence of the planet and other observed phenomena, for which observers could scarcely have been prepared by their previous model practice.

The gradual accumulation of most of the above details served to occupy some of our hours of leisure during the long journey from Ceylon to Malta, and though the results as here presented may require some modification as fuller and more accurate accounts are gradually published, they may be considered as a first rough outline of what has been done.

As we touched at several places on our way home we were able to utilize these opportunities by determining the elements

of terrestrial magnetism. For this purpose a unifilar and dip circle had been kindly placed at my disposal by the Director of the Kew observatory. With these instruments we were only able to obtain observations at one station on our way out, but returning we observed the declination, dip, and horizontal force at Bombay, Aden, Port Said, Malta, Palermo, Naples, Rome, Florence, and Turin. We might also have used the instruments in France had we not already completed a magnetic survey of that country in 1868 and 1869. During our stay at Kerguelen frequent observations had been made of the earth's magnetism at our principal station, and also at four other places on the same islands.

On reaching Malta we had finally to bid adieu to Capt. Fairfax and the officers and men of the *Volage*, from whom we had throughout the expedition received so many acts of kindness and attention, and to whom any success we may have obtained is in great measure due. A parting dinner, with the expression of the kindest wishes, and a farewell address from one of the men in the name of his companions, accompanied by a poetic effusion descriptive of the incidents of the voyage, were fresh proofs, where none were wanted, of the generous spirit in which one and all had endeavoured to carry out most perfectly the object of our expedition. H.M.S. *Volage* arrived safe at Portsmouth a few weeks later, and the results of our labours were at once deposited in the hands of our venerable Astronomer-Royal, who bore the burden of the preparations, and who is now actively superintending the reduction of the observations.

J. S. P.

Josephine's Troubles.

A STORY OF THE OCCUPATION OF VERSAILLES IN 1870.

CHAPTER IV.

THAT day of Sedan was not soon to be forgotten. The hapless Emperor captured—his armies captured: a surrender on a scale to take away one's breath—even we, who were strangers, felt the blow and the disgrace! Old Jacquet came in to see his friend on this trial (also to drink St. George), and wept into his glass. There was to be no more use now for those "butt-ends" of the muskets.

The flutter and restlessness that succeeded during the next few days was incredible. It was hard to snatch a meal—harder still to sleep. We knew not what was coming next. The Imperial Prefect was tottering, and in a few hours was gone—"displaced," as the phrase went—and succeeded by a republican gentleman of the place, one Charton. Our good Mayor was also deposed, and a new one—M. Rameau—chosen: in short, the time of the long proscribed Radicals had come, and they put it to excellent profit. The colonel of such troops as we had in the place was galloping and clattering about all day long, making military dispositions, as he fancied, though the place was about as open as Hyde Park, and could not hold ten minutes against a regiment. He was seconded by a number of fussy persons, dressed up in fancy uniforms, and who called themselves "free marksmen;" who during this unhappy war were literally a plague to the unhappy natives whom they affected to protect. I saw these gentry at work cutting great trenches across the good highroads, and hewing down fine old trees, by way of showing their zeal. One eager band blew up a railway bridge, and scared out of their wits, not merely the old ladies of both sexes, but even the more collected persons who fancied that the enemy were storming the place. But it was worse when, on some proclamation from the Government, a party actually started on a "burning" expedition—to fire all the hay, corn, &c., that the poor peasants could not remove—"to prevent this falling into the hands of the enemy." I was delighted to hear that in some quarters these patriots met with a warm reception from the owners of the crops and provisions, driving off these heroic defenders who had begun their proceedings against the enemy by attacking their own countrymen. In other instances, where they were successful in firing the haystacks and barns, the peasants accepted the loss for the good of their country, but indemnified themselves by entering our town in mournful pro-

cession, driving a cow or two as miserable as themselves, before them. I never shall forget the faces of the new Radical authorities as a series of these parties came to demand sacrifices from them, in return for the sacrifices they had made, in the shape of lodging and support. In both instances it was all "for the country."

We foreigners could hardly keep our patience at the comic military display, and old Turbutt, who had been living in Versailles, if not man and boy, at least "old and young fellow," for the last forty years, and carried a cane the colour of a lady-bird always on the slope like a gun, vowed to—well, in various profane directions, "that it made him sick to see men on real human legs making such *jackasses* of themselves!" What usually betrays that animal is his coat; and certainly the white dandy gaiters, water bottles, toy knapsacks, and other decorations, in which arrayed they persisted in "scurrying" about and harassing their peaceful neighbours, seemed to warrant old Turbutt's description. They often seemed to be drunk, or a little mad; so fierce and furious was their speech and gesticulation, especially when insisting to the Mayor that a bridge must be mined, or a house levelled, as "the country called for it." Proclamations covered all the walls, inviting all "co-citizens" to do a vast number of things; among others, to join this corps of "free-shooters," or "freebooters," as old Turbutt called them—and it was expected that every young fellow of spirit in the place would come forward. In justice to our Versaillists, it should be said that all had done so gallantly. People wondered a good deal where was Madam Jacquet's son; and it was asked, with rather offensive meaning, had he small-pox? His mamma was even ironically congratulated on her freedom from anxiety. Nothing, however, could shake the arrogant determination of the lady: even though poor Jacquet himself declared that the disgrace was affecting him, and "that he could not show his face at a caf—well, anywhere about the place." This and less, it may easily be imagined, destroyed the effect of his protest.

It was evident to all that the fair Josephine was carrying her share of the disgrace, and she felt it more acutely as she herself was a very enthusiastic patriot, and, now that the country was in danger, would have cheerfully put on a crossbelt and worn a little scarlet cap, had the other ladies of the place either shown the example or been inclined to follow hers. As we have seen that this appeared to be the fashionable way of defending the country—viz., by fancy dresses—Josephine might claim to be as brave as her companions. She happened to be one day at a great Grocer's, where a number of middle class ladies, rampant with patriotism, had chattered loudly about the "3rd of July" and the "skulkers" who were hiding from the enemy, and one burly, good-natured body, knowing Josephine's story, offered her this delicate comfort: "Never mind, miss. You see *now* what an escape you had from marrying a coward."

The colour must have suffused Josephine's face and neck, though I was not there to see. I wish I could have heard her as she answered:

"He is no coward, madam. Who can account for delays? I tell you he will be here, and that soon."

They all burst into a loud and vulgar laugh.

"Oh, exactly! of course—just as Mr. *Toorboote*," so his name was invariably pronounced, "the old Englishman, says when he don't pay his bills! No, Miss Josephine. Why, wouldn't you be ashamed to have anything to do with a fellow that shirks fighting?"

"I tell you, you are wrong," said Josephine, almost passionately. "He is coming—coming back without losing an instant."

"Then," said the burly woman, "he may not be so bad. The cry of his agonizing country has reached his ear! But when, Miss Josephine?"

After a second's hesitation, Josephine replied firmly: "To-morrow evening, he will be here."

Josephine put up prayers that night at the Benediction to be forgiven for that little fiction, for fiction it was at the moment of her speaking; though by going straight to the telegraph office and inditing an inspiring message, she had turned it into fact. The stimulating message ran—"Come at once. You are wanted by the Volunteers. Every one here will welcome you, and is expecting you hourly."

The clerk, who, like every one else, knew Miss Josephine and her story, was simpering as he took in the paper, but made a wry face when he read it. He had but a poor opinion of young Jacquet and his songs, thought him conceited, &c. She was rejoiced to receive in about an hour a welcome reply: he was starting by the night train, and would arrive in the morning. With the morning, accordingly, he arrived, to the rage and consternation of his mamma. She was almost speechless when she first saw him. It was a suspension of the laws of nature. But the young fellow had spread out both physically and morally. His stay in the south had opened his faculties somewhat, and given him a firmer and more solid manner. She was surprised too when he began a grave complaint: "Why did you not send for me before? I knew nothing of this, or that they wanted me to fight."

"And who wants you to fight?" she answered. "'Tis low, vulgar work—there are plenty of grocers and shop-boys in the place to do that. No matter. You have ruined yourself, that's all. I heard from the Lamberts that another month, and something would have been done for you."

"A place?" he repeated. "Oh, that is at an end now—at least for a long time: until we beat the Prussians."

"Not that, you child. I mean the girl—but it's no matter."

The young man coloured a little, and looked at her inquiringly. "Why, what did you hear?" he asked.

"I shan't tell you," she said. "You may look after yourself now. And who, pray, sent for you?"

"A true friend," he said. "They were all wondering here that I did not come when our country was in danger—they thought that I was

keeping out of the way. I should have been disgraced if I had stayed longer."

"I wash my hands of you now," said his mother. "You may get shot with all the grocers of the town, or, if you like, marry that low girl I saved you from, and who I suppose you think watches over your interest better than your mother does."

"Well, it was a thoughtful act of hers, any way," he replied. "You must admit that." He had fallen into the crafty lady's trap.

"So it *was* that girl that sent for you," she almost shrieked. "Was there ever such impertinence! This is going beyond everything: interfering in my family—regulating the movements of my child. You will next insult me, sir, at her bidding." After more of this vociferation, she made for the door, and nearly surprized her portly husband, who from below had heard the din, and had stolen up to listen.

A little later I saw the good-looking young fellow coming to pay his first visit to Josephine. She had known of his arrival by some mysterious agency. She was in a flutter—a new ribbon in her hair—while her mouth, utterly insubordinate, relaxed into smiles and laughter when even a serious question was put to her. In a moment she and her cavalier had met. The interview was pretty long. During the rest of the day, it struck me, that though happy, Josephine was not in the wild spirits I had anticipated. She confided to me that he had grown rather thoughtful and reserved. What could it mean? I reminded her that the times were enough to make people grave and reserved, which served to give her comfort. "At all events," she said, "what a blessing that he should have come, and that he is here! They can say nothing now. He is going to join the patriotic Free-shooters this very afternoon. They will probably make him an officer."

The same day, only an hour after Charles Jacquet's arrival, I heard that the great lady had come in specially to encounter Josephine, and after indulging in the most extravagant language, had wound up by bidding her "take care what she was about. And daring to interfere with her child! she ought to be drummed out of the town!"

Josephine had taken it all patiently up to this; but that insult was too much. She drew herself up proudly. Her eyes flashed fire. "You cannot be a lady," she said; "and I require you to leave our house at once. Go, madam, this instant."

"Leave your house!" said the great lady of Versailles. "That *is* good. Ordered out by *you*, too!"

"You came purposely to insult me. Not another word." She rang the bell, and, as the fresh, stout maid of the house—who had no goodwill to the visitor—appeared, she said, "Show this lady downstairs, and never admit her, on any pretence." Then, with a slight inclination of her head, Josephine retired. She had behaved not without dignity in a rather trying situation.

But after this little bit of melodrama came something like a farce. For on the following morning arrived betimes old Jacquet, shaved as on

Sundays and holidays, and with Bristol board round his neck—in state, as it were. He had composed his features to great gravity, though somehow dignity could not accord with the brown coat—the cask-like body it enveloped. As the servant was going down, he stopped her, and to her amazement, said, “Announce me, if you please—Mr. Jacquet.” She thought that the “disasters of France,” might have begun to affect his wits a little; but she did as she was bidden. He was shown in accordingly, to where Josephine and her father was sitting. She was trying to help him with the wine accounts.

Old Lezack burst into a laugh. “Why, mercy, what is over you? She has been having her joke at you, Jacquet, my boy!”

Mr. Jacquet, waving his hand solemnly, as if to deprecate unseemly mirth, and still aiming at dignity, affected his friends with astonishment. “I wish to speak with you alone, Mr. Lezack,” said he, solemnly. “Perhaps Miss Josephine—I mean Miss Lezack—will retire.”

“Oh, rubbish!” said the other. “What’s over you to-day? No, you musn’t go, Josephine. Our friend’s at some of his waggishness this morning. Mary, a bottle of the St. George’s. Sit down, old boy.”

The embarrassment of the visitor, and the difficulty of maintaining his character, was so obvious that it made Josephine smile.

Suddenly he said, “My wife was insulted here yesterday. She says she was turned out of doors: literally ordered out. I never heard of such a thing. Such an outrage—the Prussians could do no more. I *can’t* look it over. She says I *can’t*—and I see that I *can’t*.”

“Well, don’t,” said his friend, quietly. “There’s Josephine herself. You and I have nothing to do with it.”

“That’s true,” said Jacquet. “But such an insult; if it had been a mere ladies’ quarrel—but the turning her out. That was going so *very* far. Putting me in such a position with my old friends; and people I have known so long, and like so much,” he added, piteously.

“It is awkward,” said Lezack. “Have a glass of wine to clear your head. I didn’t think he was such a goose, Josephine.” Jacquet looked from one to the other and to the flask, then seized a chair and bringing it down with a loud laugh: “I *can’t* do it. What a ridiculous ass I make of myself! But it’s all her. Between you and me and the post, Miss ‘Fifine, I believe you gave her what she deserved!”

Such was the ignominious failure of the mission on which Mr. Jacquet had been despatched by his lady, and for which he had shaved as on Sundays and holidays. How he fared on his return was never clearly known.

CHAPTER V.

DURING these flustered times every one was either hurrying in or out of the place: departing in a precipitate fashion, as though to escape from a fire—their baggage, beds, &c., piled up on carts. This panic, as

regards the fugitives, was not unnatural; but the arrivals were more inexplicable. I recollect one small caravan of this kind that passed me in the street—three Paris cabs, laden with boxes, and a cart following behind. The boxes were those domed and funereal-looking chests, consecrated to the works of Mr. Wörth, and which entombed the fortune of many a luckless husband of the Emperor's days. At the windows were some gay young faces, stretched out with curiosity, and even enjoyment. I saw this curious little procession halt before a house. Just as they were disembarking, chattering all the time, I saw the young Jacquet—in his masquerade dress of a free-shooter, the daintiest ball-room gaiters conceivable—crossing over to display himself to the new arrivals. As he passed me I heard him cry out with a delighted start, "Why, it's the Lamberts!" and in a second he was among the excited group of young ladies, who were talking together in rather shrill tones, giving directions about their luggage, looking up at the house; while a grey, elderly gentleman, in a velvet cap, stood by quite silent, his Indian pocket-handkerchief raised half way to his nose, in an undecided manner.

They were certainly of the class known as "strong minded," addressing and gesticulating to the coachman. Later in the day I learned—as everybody did—that this was the Lambert family: *he*, in velvet cap and Indian handkerchief, being First President of one of the great courts. The young ladies had been asked to Compiègne, during the great hunting day, where they had worn three-cornered cocked hats, and hither they had borne the identical boxes, bursting with Wörth. They had lingered on in "dear Paris" till it had been almost too late, and came out now in this disorderly fashion to Versailles: ostensibly because their dear old friend Madam Jacquet lived there, "and it would be so nice to meet people you knew in these shocking times:" but it was afterwards believed that it was for the advantages presented in a matrimonial point of view by even the army of the enemy—the German ranks containing a number of most desirable young noblemen, with some of whom Sophia and Isabella had danced at Baden in the days of the dear Emperor. Of course they were "enemies of the country," "profaning the sacred soil," and all the rest; but Madam Lambert was a lady of practical views, who held that the "marrying of girls" was an operation to be prosecuted in war and in peace, and was not to be confined by geographical or other considerations. It was old Jacquet, in very low spirits now, that brought us all this news.

"Our lady at home," he said, "is in great feather again, as she has got some of her set about her. War isn't so bad a thing after all, she says. The judge is rather out of his element, of course. Master Charles, too, wont object. He'll have somebody to sing his songs to. I hear the way he and Miss Isabella act in one of Alfred de Musset's little things, is as good as the Gymnase."

Poor Josephine! Here there was another trouble coming. For

these Lamberts, it proved, were those charming people he had met when sent away to prosecute his studies. As she was thus resting all, not on a reed, which was really too substantial a prop for Mr. Charles' affections to be likened to—a "daffadown-dilly" would have been more appropriate—one would have wished to have given her the sound advice to put the whole aside for ever—to make up her mind to the short, sharp suffering of "having it out" for good and all, like an aching tooth. However, advice of that kind is never relished nor accepted. Josephine knew of the arrival of the party, and heard all the particulars which the unthinking Jacquet poured out, directing his communication to her, as though it was specially interesting. But at this time the cry was that "the Prussians were coming," and every one felt very much like passengers, after a shipwreck, crowded in the boats. Such, indeed, were those uneasy, nightmare times that intervened between the reception of the news and the 19th of September. It was a span of a little over a fortnight, during which interval we had vociferations enough to have done for a House of Commons' Session, and proclamations enough to fill a library. Every "fellow-citizen" addressed every other "fellow-citizen" in glowing terms, informing him—the addressed fellow-citizen—that "the country was in danger," that the "soil of France" was profaned by the foot of the enemy. How sick we grew of that! Alack for the Imperial Prefect—Madam Jacquet's friend—the same who was dreaming of having a civil command at Berlin or Potsdam, and who had been, no doubt, thinking what pictures and spoils he would bring home, *à la* Soult—he had, as we have seen, been unceremoniously turned out. The new men in office had their hands full. But, alas! for all the preparations. It was plain they had been tolerated to amuse the crowd—toys for them to break, and to prevent them breaking other toys, in the shape of heads. By a decree from Paris, the best hands in the amateur force were enrolled in the national militia, and drafted off to Paris. Such soldiers as were left gradually departed for Paris, and at last, as we heard every day that the Prussians were drawing nearer, it began to dawn on a few sensible brains that all this revolver and uniform business, and the cutting up the roads, was so much mumming, and that they were to be left to encounter the enemy as best they could. But our magistrates never flagged a moment in proclamations, entreating us to "Courage and Confidence!"

Shall I ever forget that feverish day of the 18th of September, when not one of us could sit still an instant, or eat or drink; but felt an uncontrollable impulse to get up, rush out, and look out—for something—we knew not what? Our Josephine was in a fever of excitement. Her eyes kindled as she spoke of the "wicked *canaille* of Prussians," and she would ask me again wistfully, "Did I really think they were coming—would they dare to enter the place—or was it all a dream?" This idea, of its all being a dream, seemed to be present to most of the townsfolk, who really thought that at the last moment the enemy would shrink from so horrible a profanation. Some of our Radical friends

seriously believed that the name of the Republic would be enough, and they would retire in respectful admiration and contrition when it was noted to them that there were Republican authorities. I comforted Josephine, assuring her that these Prussian officers were most agreeable men—capital valers, accomplished, and specially cheering to ladies. I soon saw that this foolish style of compliment was not very welcome to Josephine, who gave me a look of wounded surprise, as who should say, "So you treat me like the others." All the conventional style of compliment: "rallying" on "flirtation"—making quite a conquest—getting a rich husband, and the like, I could always see were distasteful to her. So, not wishing to make myself odious where I wished to be agreeable, I never ventured into that doubtful country again.

I repeat that I shall never forget it. We could hear distinctly afar off a cannonading—new and unfamiliar sounds: a fitful "thud-thud"—rather faint and muffled, as old Turbutt said, in his odd way, "like the drums in the street heard from under the bedclothes." Every one went out as far as the gates, at least, which were all shut and guarded by order of the Mayor, to try and see something, but could not. There was a great sensation when a mounted trooper came clattering through the town, and dismounted at the Town Hall, asking for the Mayor; and having seen him, hurried off through the streets, making for Paris. But we had all a presentiment that before the day was out something would come to terminate this suspense; and perhaps the most symbolic evidence of this state of nervous tension was the scene at each gate—the groups clustered and peeping through to get a glimpse of the long straight French roads, and the few soldiers, who affected to be unconcerned, and whose uneasy glances in the same direction showed that they too shared the general suspense.

At last it came. It was about four o'clock. People were beginning to think that after all, perhaps, the day might go by without an event. Suddenly the maid, who had been out, came rushing up, and with faltering voice, and her hand pressed to her waist, said, "O sir, they are come. I saw them. They are going to the Town Hall! Oh, good heavens!" I hurried out, following some groups who were posting along excitedly, and soon overtook what was to be seen.

Two or three French soldiers were walking beside three troopers, who were walking their horses carelessly, looking from side to side with easy indifference. Their uniform was black with a white skull and crossbones on the caps; and it seemed ominous that the "Death Hussars" should have been the first of the enemy to enter our settlement. With the same coolness they halted at the Town Hall, where one entered within the gates, which were shut behind him, his companions being left outside, while he conferred with the Mayor, who made his appearance girt with his tricoloured scarf. All eyes, peering through the bars, followed him curiously. Presently the "Death Hussar" came out, and with the others set off in the same leisurely way. The crowd, half

stupefied, followed. A tipsy soldier, when they reached the Chantiers Street, rushed forward and seized the bridles of all three, on which they presented their carbines at him, and he was thrust away by the soldiers. When they got outside the Buc gate, it was seen that there were about a dozen of their comrades waiting, and the whole party then set off at a round trot. So the Germans had come at last!

Here was food for excitement. What had they said—what had they done? Where was the mysterious army, so long expected, and still unseen? We soon learned that the Death Hussar had come to demand free passage through the town for a body of cavalry, which was in a field close by; but the Mayor declined to open the gates until a superior officer had been sent to treat. On which the hussar went his way. The rest of the evening passed by without anything further occurring; but every house was lit up, the cafés were crowded, and old Jacquet came in and wept over “poor old France.” But after a bottle of wine, he produced a store of comfort. He had heard from one of the superior officers—officially, mind you!—that all this was a fatal trap. France was rising in her might—armed men were springing from the soil in enormous numbers: these hordes of invaders were to be caught, cut off from their own country, and destroyed to a man. So the night passed by. But at breakfast the following morning we heard some wonderful tidings. At all the closed gates, so early as six o’clock, great bands of Germans had appeared, demanding entry. They were at the south, the east—on all sides. The Mayor (always in his gaudy scarf) had been holding interviews with superior officers. Numbers of people had seen these strangers, as they clattered through the town. The Mayor had gone out in a carriage, and had seen a general. By twelve o’clock it was known that there was a huge army waiting at the northern gate, which was to pass through the town to get to Paris. An aide-de-camp was actually arranging matters with the Mayor. Suddenly was heard a loud rumbling, and a long train of covered waggons made their appearance, surrounded with troops—drove on through the streets, straight up to the Palace, where they filled the whole square. It was the ambulance, filled with wounded; and already the free and easy strangers had settled that this handsome Palace should be their hospital. The contemptuous indifference with which they proceeded to their arrangements was certainly most mortifying.

At this moment of suspense it struck me, as I walked along and glanced at the troops, that a kind of dull terror had seized on the population. The men were silent; the women’s faces were white. The long expected visitation was at hand; and the idea of being placed at the mercy of forty or fifty thousand rude and brutal enemies, as they were conceived to be, within the next hour or two, made the heart beat.

Suddenly we heard the sound of music—the braying and clashing of brass, the beating of drums. The windows were open, and even the tramping of feet could be heard. There were the townspeople,

hurrying up from all directions. They had come, and were now pouring in.

What a spectacle, these ranks of burly, broad-chested, full-bearded men, filling the street with their dark and dusty uniforms, and pushing on in a torrent! What with spiked helmets and rough glances and bearing, there was suggested the air as of some northern horde rather than of a modern European army. It was an extraordinary sight; and left a most singular effect, as of war in peace. While on the poor blouses and anxious women's faces was a sort of dull bewilderment. These heavy, massive beings, so serious and irresistible, must have conveyed the impression that before *them* the little airy, glittering beings who were on the side of France, could have no hope of resistance. Thus for four hours did the defile go on—tramp, tramp: a short interval, then new regiments and triumphant music, faint at first, drawing nearer and yet nearer. One, with an *à propos* worthy of Philistines, struck up the *Marseillaise*, which, for old Jacquet and some others, was the last straw, and affected them to tears. But what availed those clenching of hands and indignant glances at this and other "insults." The great "insult," after all, was the presence of the foe as conquerors—the smaller affronts flowed directly from this first.

So it went on for hours. Evening drew on, and gradually the whole town filled up with scattered soldiers. These heavy-faced, rather loutish looking fellows, their clothes all in bags, crowding into the shops of butchers and sausage-sellers, offering their money with uncouth signs, or where the whole shop was filled, taking what they could and making off. Some eat the meat raw. Already the luckless Mayor and his "adjuncts" were persecuted and menaced by swarms of commissaries, who had written down on scraps of paper all that they required. These were enormous supplies: barrels of wine, innumerable sheep and bullocks, bread—everything, in short. Young aides-de-camp came clattering in, requiring good dinners, with "courses"—champagne and other wines—for the generals. Such a scene, in short, of confusion—the din and hum and clatter reaching to far-off streets—was bewildering. And yet it was not like an invasion—there were no signs of fighting. They were simply quartered on us: Versailles was occupied.

But when night came on, the change was even more extraordinary still. I never shall forget the wild scene that the little town presented. All the evening fellows, with the usual brass helmets and spikes, had been going round, hammering at doors, and chalking up numbers and names in their own language. Already they had secured all the large buildings, schools, barracks, and the like; but they had not come into occupation of these places, and towards ten o'clock had made preparations for camping in the streets. This was the strangest and almost lurid scene of all. No one could credit the change from the quiet aspect of the town in the morning. There was a savage air over all. Whole convoys of rude German waggons, looking as though they had

been used in the days of the Scythians and Huns, had come up, and were there in hundreds, laden with the suttlers, Jews, and their wares; and these choked up every lane and street. Ferocious looking men—so they seemed in the darkness—were driving bullocks and cows through the ranks, or slaughtering them in the open street. Torches were flashing, and fires blazing at every corner. All those pretty, sylvan-like avenues which lead into and out of Versailles were thus covered with the strangers, who were already lying on the ground, their knapsacks as pillows; the piled arms reflecting the light. The sound of crashing wood was heard on all sides; wherever there was a paling, or a hedge or tree, the axes were at work. The hoarse cries, shouts, and sustained talking and singing was incessant. The patrols, in great parties, never ceased pacing the town. There were few, I suspect, in Versailles that slept that night except the rough strangers, who were weary with their march. Lights were in every window; all hearts were prey to the most despairing reflections, for it was clear that the war was on them, and that there was but a reprieve until the morrow—when it was but too clear that we could no longer call our goods and chattels our own. There was an organized ruthlessness already apparent in these military marauders, now taking their repose in thousands around us, and gathering strength for the fresh and more regular encounters of to-morrow. But this is anticipating. I must go back to more important and personal events.

At our house in the Royal Street we had, as may be conceived, a rather anxious time. Some were hurrying out to see what was going on, and returning with news, only to sally forth again. For an overpowering and feverish restlessness had taken possession of every one. It was impossible to sit down and read. There was a sort of permanent council assembled—old Jacquet rolling in solemnly every half-hour or so, like a fat pilot coming down from the deck, and doing no more than shake his head and groan. Josephine, with trouble in her sympathetic face, was trying to comfort her father and mother, who were full of grave apprehensions. My poor landlord, who had but a small portion of that theatrical element which distress seems to develope in his countrymen, behaved in a quiet rational fashion, which deserved sympathy. He really felt the disgrace, or at least the mortification of the situation. Young Jacquet also “ran in,” but not arrayed in his pretty fancy dress—for somehow it was felt that all that kind of mummery might now fairly be laid aside.

It was about eight o'clock, when we were talking in low voices, listening to the hum and shouts outside, when a violent ringing was heard at the door, together with knocking as violent. In a few seconds there were loud voices below, both hoarse and coarse. Then a tramping and clanking on the stairs. Two heavy looking men in flat caps, and arrayed in coats something after the cut of our Ulsters literally knocked the door open, and without noticing the four or five persons who were present, said some words in their own tongue to each other. Behind

them in the doorway stood some loutish looking soldiers, gazing in with stolid curiosity. After their conversation with each other, one of the leaders, who wore spectacles, addressed us collectively in a single sentence.

M. Lezack bowed, and shrugged his shoulders.

The other then said gruffly in German French, "Mondrez Zambres, nous logeons izi."

"Monsieur," began M. Lezack, rising with dignity.

"Mondrez Zambres, vide," continued the other, with a blow of his fist on the table, "navons bas demps de Berdre."

M. Lezack, without a word, took up the lamp and led the way. The two striding after him, we looked at each other. In a few moments we heard sounds of loud voices above, and threats. Josephine and Charles ran out on the landing.

"It is infamous!" M. Lezack was saying, much excited. "You insult us. That room you shall not have. It is my daughter's."

"Stand back, *Dümpkofi*," was the reply.

At the allusion to Josephine, our young hero, Charles, had flown out. The rest followed. We found our poor host, in his velvet skull-cap, forced against the wall, with the heavy hand of the man in spectacles on his collar. His companion was walking about the room kicking chairs out of his way, and as it seemed to me, purposely affecting this brutal violence.

"It is cowardly," said young Jacquet, in trembling tones, striding with gesticulation.

It was indeed aggravating to see Josephine's pretty room, her little table and muslin, as delicate as herself, profaned by this rude invader. I made some remonstrance to the disengaged barbarian. "These are good respectable people. You only do your duty, but you surely can do it without violence."

"Who are you?"

"English," I said; "so you have no quarrel with me."

"So!" he said. "But we have. You sympathize with them. You hate us. We are going to give them a lesson. They shall know what war——"

"Here, take him off," said the other, as two soldiers came up, and pointing to old Lezack; "he has resisted. This is my zambre, the room next for the colonel, that upstairs for the captain. The soldiers will choose for themselves below."

This fellow it seems, was named Zernicki, a police lieutenant, and one of that swarm of agents who attended on the army, to perform such "dirty" and troublesome tasks as the military thought beneath them, or beyond the sphere of their duties. We and all in Versailles were by-and-bye to have plenty of experience of this odious instrument of oppression. He was a Prussian Pole, quite unscrupulous, and though in a half civil dress, wore an enormous sabre, which he was proud of, and which he invariably carried loose, so as to clatter as much as

possible. He it was who had *enlisted*, according to the French term, our shrinking host, who had never suffered such an indignity in his life before.

"Take him off!" shouted Zernicki to his men. "And you, the next, show the way to the cellar. I *require*"—that terrible phrase, how the poor Versaillists came to loathe it!—"the whole, every bottle of it. Come, quick; if you want to save your doors and locks. *Les glays. Vide!*"

At this moment I heard the voice of Josephine, calm and decided. "You can have my room and welcome. But you must not touch my father. If he has done anything, he was surprized; we are not accustomed to this treatment. Please to let him go." And with her hand she gently attempted to draw away that rude one which still clutched her poor father.

"Stand back, you," said the infuriated policeman, seizing her by the wrist. "I'll teach the lot of you."

At this moment he became silent. A new comer had pushed his way through the group, and stood before us.

CHAPTER VI.

"WHAT is all this? Let the lady go."

It was an officer that spoke—a very tall, full-chested, good-looking, blue-eyed officer. He was well made, and his loose great coat was thrown back, displaying a full, manly chest. He had a fair moustache, which he wore somewhat after the French mode. His voice was soft and melodious; his French good.

"This work will not do," he said sternly to Zernicki. "You were told to carry out your orders with moderation. How dare you lay hands on a lady?"

In very humble tones the police officer replied, "They were resisting. This man here assaulted me—or tried to assault me," he stammered.

"Go down; get away. I will arrange all this. You will accept my excuses, miss? We are not accountable for the police, whose zeal sometimes carries them away. Shall we go down to your parlour, where we can settle everything reasonably?"

They accordingly descended.

"Now let us see," he said. "You know what the fortune of war is. You have a good house, and must pay the penalty. You must have officers and soldiers quartered on you. It is unavoidable. So has every one else in the place. I am Captain Müller, and with our major, Von Alten, will have to be your guest. You must give us rooms—the best rooms: that is the rule."

"Yes," said the policeman, who had come in again. "That is what I say. She won't give up her room."

Rage came into the mild officer's eyes.

"I told you to get away," he said, rising. "How dare you disobey? What are those bottles?"

Zernicki was laden with Champagne and other flasks. He had a basket in each hand, and some bottles under each arm.

"They are 'required,' Captain," said he, pertly. "I am in order—perfectly regular. The whole cellar is 'required' for the generals and superiors."

The young officer tossed back the paper which had been handed to him. "We shall see about it. 'In war, as in war,' your own proverb," he said, turning to Josephine. "I fear we must take your wine. As for invading your room—that, of course, not. Another room will do for us quite as well. Still, if more come, all these allowances will have to give way, and even 'Miss's' must be profaned."

He said all this with the greatest softness and the most studied courtesy, addressing himself entirely to Josephine, as though conceding in deference to her. There was a hard logic and a cold reserve in all he said. He conveyed to one the idea that all this sweetness did not go below his manner.

"In any case, sir," now broke in young Jacquet, "I should think Miss Josephine Lezack's comfort will be considered. A French gentleman would go to the garrets even."

The Captain rose and bowed, formally touching his helmet to Josephine, as if to say that he was glad to learn her name.

"I am Captain Müller," he added, with a bow. Then turning to the young Jacquet, "This lady's brother?"

"No," said the other, bluntly.

"Cousin? Betrothed?"

Jacquet reddened. "I don't answer questions of that kind for every stranger. Enough that I am the friend of the family."

"Oh, then I must ask you to withdraw. At your own house probably you will be useful. You will have to adopt a more suitable tone, or you will get into a serious scrape. This is the night of our arrival, so I pass it over. Conduct this gentleman out."

A soldier advanced promptly and with a gruff "*Heraus!*" In vain our hero threw himself into a tragic attitude, and began to declare that "it was infamous." The rough soldiers had shouldered him out in an instant, and he was in the street before he could collect his faculties. Burning with shame and rage at being thus mortified before his "lady love," and feeling quite helpless, he had to take his way home as directed.

Captain Müller having thus shown his deference to the sex, now became quite business-like. Still courteous to the ladies, there was a stiffness and persistence in the way that he proceeded to arrange for the quartering of himself and his friends. He would not disturb the ladies for the world, but at the same time he had politely but firmly required Mr. and Mrs. Lezack's room for the colonel, declaring coolly

that it was an unavoidable necessity. Now as Josephine's room was between those of the two selected, it was obvious that she would have to leave it, so that I could not help noting that for all practical purposes the gallant rescuer's behaviour had pretty much the same result as Zernicki's. However, the family did not perceive it; and even Mr. Lezack was constrained to admit that he had acted with "a noble delicacy." I could see indeed that this treatment had quite affected the whole family, who while talking of the "exquisite courtesy" of the stranger, were inclined to forget their misfortunes, or at least inconveniences. Josephine alone was bitterly scornful and hostile.

In half an hour there was heard a great noise and stamping below. Some horsemen were at the door, and presently we learned that the colonel and another officer had arrived; a room having now to be made out for the latter. I myself had already been dislodged. The colonel we did not see, as he strode at once to his room. Then followed a tremendous hurrying and tramping, every moment soldiers were ascending or descending, hoarse voices called from above to below, in short, Mr. Lezack's charming stately house, with its handsome marquetry and doors, and panelling, and the whole kept ever "neat as a new pin," was now become a barrack. What would it be within a few days!

Dinner had been ordered for these personages, and Mary, the cook, much agitated, was doing her best to get it ready speedily. The colonel was hungry and impatient. Captain Müller now came again to ask for the key of the cellar, which had been recovered from the marauders. "We shall want some of your very best for to-night; and in fact, I must tell you that the whole is, at this moment, 'required.' Here is the requisition in due form."

"What!" said Mr. Lezack, rising; "do they want to strip me of everything? Better take my whole fortune at once."

"It is a hard case," said the young man; "but it is one of the necessities of war. And I may tell you, you would do well to prepare yourself for worse exactions."

"I thought," said Josephine, who had been listening with glowing cheeks, "that you had saved my father from all this."

"I!" said the captain. "No. I am quite helpless in the matter. So long as I am under your roof, there shall be no violence or rudeness, and I shall take care that anything disagreeable, and of an unavoidable kind, shall be made as light to you as my poor efforts can make it. But I cannot change the hard usages of war. You will have to support our soldiers during the occupation, and supply everything that is 'required.' That is the lot of the vanquished."

"So that all we are indebted to you for," said Josephine, excitedly, "is simply a change in the robbers. My father's wine is to be taken all the same."

He bowed gravely. "I am afraid it comes to no more than that. Never fear, you will by-and-bye, in spite of this, not be sorry to have a

friend at Court, as they say. I must only tell you, Mr. Lezack, that our colonel is a plain rough man not to be trifled with. It will be well to conciliate him. Now I must attend to business. Adieu !”

He bowed graciously round to all, and took his leave.

The household was up half that night. Besides the roar and hum in the street, and the cantering by of patrols, there was noise enough within to keep all awake. The half dozen Germans quartered on us were snoring heavily, the sounds echoing through the house ; and the wearied cook, almost driven out of her senses, had retired to her garret.

Such was the night of the entry of the German invaders into Louis the Great's pet city. His poor bronze image, in the open place, now pranced idly, the ground round about him being black with his sleeping enemies. The canvas-painted profile that does duty in Don Juan as the ghostly commander, if more flimsy in material, had even more power and purpose.

St. Catharine.

ANGELS bear her away !

Up from earth's sullen shore,

Swift be your flight,

Heaven's pain-won light

Welcomes her evermore,

Waits her the calm of Christ's unending day !

Well has she fought the fight,

Well has she kept the vow

Virgin she swore ;

The hellish roar

Of foe is silenc'd now,

Over the hateful gloom of murky night.

Bloodless her face and wan,

Still now her limbs and cold,

Lifeless she lies,

Clos'd the soft eyes

That spoke sweet thoughts of old,

Whose rays with God's own royal radiance shone.

Bear her away ! Though we

Were fain to keep her here

With us to stay—

Bear her away,

Your willing wings her bier,

Your swords her safe-guard sure, your love her canopy.

W. H.

Old York.

PART THE FOURTH.

PROVIDING for the amusements and requirements of the people led to the insertion of some singular conditions in a lease. The place was St. George's Close, and the varied public uses to which it was put give us a curious picture of the suburbs of the city.

"William Byus, slegeman, offered 25*l.* fine for a renewal of his lease of twenty-one years. Two others, Metcalfe and Burnet, were applicants for the same. Being asked whether that if they should have the same Close that they would keep a sledge or no, answering said that they were unmeet slegemen. Whereupon, in regard that the said William Byus is contented still to keep a sledge and a sufficient team of horses as heretofore he hath done for the service as well of the merchants of their wares as of others with wood and other things from the staith, and that he is a meet man for that purpose, and that he hath been a long time tenant of the said Close, it is agreed that the said William Byus shall have a lease of the said Close from Michaelmas next for twenty-one years, paying the old rent, viz., 4*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* yearly at Lady Day and Michaelmas, for 20*l.* fine to be paid at or before his entry; upon such conditions as are mentioned in the last made leases, and upon condition that he shall permit people to walk and shooters to shoot therein, as heretofore hath been and accustomed, and citizens to bleach therein such clothes as heretofore they have been accustomed to do (new clothes and webs excepted), so that they do not milk his kine by night, nor fear [frighten] nor chase his cattle forth of the said Close with dogs, as heretofore he sayeth some have done; neither that any such as shall bleach therein shall have any dogs or mastiffs with them, either by day or by night, and upon condition that he shall keep continually during the said term a good and sufficient team or teams of horses, and serve the citizens with the same, both merchants with their wares, and others with wood, timber, trees, and other their necessities, to and from the staith, to and

from all parts of this city, as they shall have occasion, at reasonable prices" (n. 31, fol. 231 b).

In connection with St. George's Close we have, April 5, 1581, 23^o Eliz., the order "that there shall be a cuck-stool or ducking-stool forthwith made by the Chamberlains and set in St. George's Close, for common scolders and punishment of offenders" (n. 28, fol. 5). The men were provided for elsewhere, and needed a more ample provision. February 23, 30^o Eliz., 1587: "Agreed, that four pair of new stocks shall be provided of the charge of the Common Chamber, for the punishment of rogues and beggars, and one pair thereof to be set under the wall of Christ Church, and one other pair under the wall of St. Martin's Church in Micklithgate [Micklegate], over against Mr. Alderman Richardson's door, and one other pair at the grate in the Pavement, and the fourth pair in St. Martin's Church wall in Coney Street" (n. 30, fol. 8).

Another instrument of municipal discipline makes its appearance at an earlier date in Elizabeth's reign. The cart, at the "tail" of which unhappy creatures were whipped through the streets, had apparently been put away. At any rate it was wanted now, and the following order was made December 6th, 14^o Eliz., 1571. "Agreed, that the little cart of this city, which was made for the whipping of vagabonds, shall be called for, and brought to the bridge, there to remain for that purpose" (n. 24, fol. 218).

The "little cart of this city," which was thus kept handy near the Kidcotes on Ouse Bridge, was not left there idle. Here is a specimen of its employment. A wretched body, Margaret Sheles by name, is reported to the Lord Mayor by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, who say of her, "that she hath been heretofore whipped forth of your city, and as a rogue burnt through the ear, upon the statute provided for punishment of rogues and vagabonds, and now remaineth as a rogue in the second degree, and so as a felon in danger of death, if the extremity of the law should be extended against her, which neither the parties complainants would willingly prosecute, nor we ourselves would wish, &c." (n. 27, fol. 172).

The worst of it was, that proof was hardly required against these poor vagabonds. "It is agreed, that whereas there is one Anne Calverd taken with a purse of one Anne Fawthorpe, which she utterly denieth, and the said Anne being thereunto called to charge her with the same, the said Anne Fawthorpe would not

charge the said Anne Calverd with the stealing of the same ; whereupon it is now agreed that the said Anne Calverd shall be whipped through this city for that she is a vagrant person " (n. 27, fol. 245). "It is agreed that Margaret Thompson, dwelling at Langton, nigh Malton, suspected to be a cutpurse, late taken at this city as a rogue, shall be whipped and have a passport to go to her dwelling " (n. 32, fol. 18).

Sometimes whipping at the cart's tail is only a portion of the punishment inflicted, and that often for offences that the law now disregards. "It is agreed by these presents that John Gibson, for speaking or reporting certain slanderous and opprobrious words of the Queen's Majesty, shall have his ears nailed to the pillory to-morrow, being the market day, and a paper to be set on his head declaring the cause of this his punishment ; and immediately after that he is to be whipped forth of this city, and to have a passport for him and his wife to pass to Stockton " (n. 27, fol. 87). Barbara Sympson, for her misconduct, "shall be set upon a barrel on the Pavement in the open market by the space of one hour, and her head to be polled, and to have a superscription of her offence on her head ; and that done, she to be whipped forth of this city " (n. 28, fol. 56 b).

The entries are innumerable of the cases in which this degrading punishment of whipping is inflicted upon women ; but nothing can exceed the nonchalance of the following rules laid down, June 11, 1600, for the newly opened House of Correction. "*Item*, that every rogue to be sent thither shall, at his or her first coming in, be stripped naked from the middle upwards and tied to a post, and there whipped till his or her body be bloody, and then set to work. And if he or she will labour, to have that he or she can earn ; and if he or she will not work, to have for three of the first days after his or her committing bread and water, and every day to be whipped till he or she will work ; viz., such quantity of bread as by the overseers shall be thought meet. And that [if] such rogue will fall to work and, doing his or her best endeavour, shall not be able, either for want of skill or ability of body, to earn his meat, then to have such relief during the time of his want of ability or skill of coarse bread and small ale as by the overseers shall be thought meet, not exceeding $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ in the day.

"*Item*, that three days next after the sending thither such rogue, such of them as shall labour shall every Sunday, Tuesday,

and Thursday have pottage made of such offal as may be had at the shambles, or some beans, to be provided forth of his work, and of such further as the overseers shall think meet, not exceeding in that further allowance $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ the day if his work shall not be sufficient.

"*Item*, that straw and mats of bombles [*sic*] or straw shall be provided for them to lie on; and if any being committed thither shall offer to go away or forth of the house without licence of the master, or that the master shall be doubtful that such rogue will run away or escape from thence, or shall be stubborn and will not be quiet and ruled at the direction of the master, that then the master shall cause the same to be locked to a post either by the hand, feet, or neck, so long as the said master shall think meet" (n. 32, fol. 97 b).

Though the laws were so strict on vagabonds, yet there were beggars specially licenced. Perhaps the gentleman of Baddesley who had a licence under the great seal of England to gather relief, would not have liked to be called a beggar. May 12th, 19^o Eliz., 1577: "*Mem.* That it was agreed in the Minster the same day and year by my Lord Mayor, Mr. Calome, &c., aldermen, that William Arnewood, of Baddesley, gent, who hath a licence under the great seal of England to gather relief within this city and other places, and hath gathered but 40s. or thereabouts within this city and Ainsty, that he shall have so much more money paid forth of the Common Chamber as shall make it up 4*l.*" (n. 27, fol. 27 b).

The next is a Lord Mayor's widow, herself "a lady for aye." April 23rd, 16^o Eliz., 1574: "And now upon consideration of the age, debility, and poverty, and necessity of the Lady Jane Shadlock, widow, who was wife to Mr. John Shadlock, Alderman, deceased, and sometime Mayor of this City, it was now therefore agreed by these presents that the said Lady Shadlock shall have paid her yearly during her life forth of the Common Chamber of this city 26*s.* 8*d.* towards her relief, and she to have 6*s.* 8*d.* thereof against Whit-Sunday next" (n. 25, fol. 128).

Of beggars of a *distingué* sort there were some curious specimens in Elizabethan York. The following, we suppose, must be taken for one. May 6th, 1594: "Whereas Robert Nevell, son to Sir Henry Nevell, knight, deceased, exhibited a petition to this Court to have 5*l.* lent him until Michaelmas next, it is now agreed that 6*s.* 8*d.* shall be given to him of benevolence forth of the Common Chamber" (n. 31, fol. 67). Then

comes another, begging under the Great Seal. "Ult^o. Junii, 1596. Agreed that the pursuivant which came by warrant under the Great Seal to collect relief towards his losses sustained by pirates on the seas, having made collection through this city and gotten but small, shall have 10s. given him forth of the Chamber towards his better relief" (n. 31, fol. 197).

But here are two or three foreign beggars, of a much more wonderful kind. February 6th, 1593: "Agreed that 30s. shall be given forth of the Common Chamber to a German, a stranger lately comed to this city, who, as it is reported to this Court, is a student in divinity, brother to a Prince in Germany, and since he came into England was robbed of his money and jewels by his boy, intending to travel from hence into Scotland" (n. 31, fol. 57).

The next (July 11th, 1595) was the bearer of letters from the Privy Council and the Council of the North, and in consequence "tickets were made and sent to every parish Church," requiring the curates "to read this printed brief [the following letter] sent you herewith to your parishioners in your church to-morrow at service time, and to move them to bestow their benevolence towards the party herein named," and the churchwardens were "to make collection for him in the church, and at the houses of such as shall be absent." The Privy Council letter runs as follows:

"To all Justices of Peace, Mayors, Sheriffs, Bailiffs, Constables, Churchwardens, Ministers, and all and every her Majesty's officers and loving subjects to whom it shall appertain.

"Whereas it appeareth by credible certificate from divers foreign princes, noblemen, and others, that the bearer hereof, Martin Lascaris, a Christian and a Grecian, born of a very good house in the City of Philip in Macedonia, was about four years now last past, with his father, mother, brother, sister, uncle, and aunt, with all their parentage and family taken in their shoes by the officers of the Great Turk, and imprisoned, where they be in great misery and in danger of their lives, besides the loss of all their goods and possessions, by reason that the said prisoners harboured and hid in their houses many Christians that were under the tyranny of the Turk, and at last by the intercession of the Patriarch of Constantinople, the Ambassadors of the Venetians and other Christians, the said Lascaris, with one of the uncles and certain of his friends, after long imprisonment

being released (the rest remaining as pledges) to procure their ransom, amounting to a very great sum of money, was forced to crave the benevolence and charitable aid of those that profess the Gospel. And coming purposely over into this realm, hath made humble suit for our letters of his permission and furtherance herein, we have thought good, therefore, to require you to permit and suffer the said Martin Lascaris (behaving himself honestly) to travel and pass to and fro by you, to such places as he shall resort, for the collection and gathering of the charitable benevolence of such well-disposed people as in compassion shall be moved to relieve him towards the redeeming of his kinsfolks and friends, and do pray you to give him your good furtherance and assistance, to collect, gather, and receive the same in all places at times convenient, for the space of one year: Wherein, no doubt, you shall do a charitable deed, and very acceptable unto us. From the Court at Somerset House, the 15th day of December, 1594.

“LORD ARCHBISHOP, LORD KEEPER, LORD
TREASURER, EARL OF ESSEX, LORD
CHAMBERLAIN, LORD COBHAM, LORD
BUCKHURST, SIR ROBERT CECIL.

ANTHONY ASHLEY, Clerk of the Council.”

The titles of an earlier wanderer must have been more wonderful still to the good Yorkshiremen. It is singular that this man, who professed himself to be a Protestant, should have been forwarded to so thoroughly Catholic a house as that of the Vavasours of Hazlewood.

“25th October, 1591. Robert Watter, Mayor.

“Assembled at my Lord Mayor's house the day and year abovesaid, when and where my Lord Mayor declared to these present that the cause of their assembly was touching the entertainment and passing from this city of a stranger named Magnus Petrasko, Petri Palatini, Prince of Wallachia and Moldavia, who came by haste with a man and a boy forth of Scotland to Berwick, having a licence or passport from Sir Henry Witherington, deputy governor there, to travel to the Court, and coming from thence from one gentleman's house to another, alighted and lodged yesternight at my Lord Mayor's, having the King of Scotland's letters to the Queen's Majesty, the copy of which letters delivered by his interpreter hereafter followeth:

“To the right high, right mighty, and excellent Princess, our dearest sister and cousin, the Queen of England.

“Right excellent, right high and mighty Princess, and dearest sister and cousin, in our heartiest manner we recommend us unto you. There arrived in our realm a young gentleman of good behaviour called Magnus Petrasko, Petri Palatini, Wallachia, showing by his sundry attestations how that his brother Patrick Palatinus being reformed to the sincerity of the Word and truth thereof, all within his bounds and jurisdiction of Wallachia and Moldavia, after the death of his father was unmercifully murdered in his bed by the Turks, and himself with difficulty escaped the danger, who retiring him towards the Emperor, after the sight of sundry Princes of the Empire, had resolved in like manner to see the holy Princes of Europe, and, therefore, hath been carefully recommended unto us by our dearest brother, the King of Denmark, in respect whereof and of his own state, we have well-nigh [willingly] granted unto him our recommendation whereby we would facilitate his way towards you, not doubting but you will receive in good part the charitable and Christian duty to any whose cause is to be pitied by all princes.

“Given at our Palace of Falkland, the 16th day of August, 1591.’

“Which copy being read, and the letters sealed with the King of Scotland’s seal, showed, and his passport from Berwick and other letters and passports in his commendation, and for his quiet passage read: It is now agreed by these presents that what shall be given him shall be of the Common Chamber. And that he shall be sent from here after dinner this night towards London. And that three of the chamberlains shall set him three or four miles forth of this city. And that Fabian Farleye, one of the Mayor’s sergeants, shall ride with him to conduct him to his next lodging, and then to leave him, which it is thought to be most fit at Mr. Vavasour’s of Hazlewood. And that five post-horses shall be taken for him, his man, his boy, the baggage, and Fabian Farleye. And their charge of post-hire and Fabian Farleye’s charge to be paid forth of the Chamber, and that Fabian Farleye shall, if he will, come back from the place when he shall leave him to Tadcaster, and there lodge this night” (n. 30, fol. 280).

We now come to the authorized mendicants of the city.

February 21, 26^o Eliz., 1583, "It is agreed that my Lord Mayor and the Wardens of Walmgate Ward and one other alderman of some other ward, and Mr. Laurence Robinson, shall on Wednesday next at eight of the clock in the forenoon call before them at Trinity Hall all the poor folks of the said ward, and they then to allow at their discretion all such as are aged and not able to work, to crave relief at men's doors, and none but they to go abroad in this city. And the poor people so allowed to have marks of lead or some other signs whereby they may be known: and that precepts shall be made to the constables to bring in all the said poor at the said day, and also all the labourers at the staith." And on the 6th of March, "it is agreed that all those poor people, upon whose heads especial notes were made at the late view of the poor, shall be further viewed by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen at the Common Hall on Wednesday next: and badges of lead to be in the meantime made and provided for such poor as shall be allowed to go abroad" (n. 28, fol. 130 b, 132 b).

But the most singular institution was that of "head beggars." They were paid by the corporation, but it did not follow that their relatives would be welcome. 23 August, 19^o Eliz., 1577, "Also it is agreed by these presents that William Curtus, head beggar of Monk Ward, shall forthwith avoid [expel] his brother and sister, lately come to him from Beverley, under pain of whipping" (n. 27, fol. 50). They were abolished, August 23, 1583. "It is agreed, &c., that there shall be no head beggars from henceforth chosen, and that from Christmas next, John Geldart, Thomas Todd, and William Curtus, now head beggars, shall not have any wages or clothing of the Common Chamber, but only their weekly stipends gathered of the money assessed for relief of the poor within this city" (n. 28, fol. 108).

The Poor Law began with the Reformation, as is well known. By degrees the entries in the York House books of cases of individual relief come to be very frequent. "It is agreed that Widow Buttry shall have some part of that relief that Mrs. Clarke had, viz., 2*d.* weekly" (n. 28, fol. 95). "Also it is agreed that Thomas Maugham, who had 3*d.* weekly relief, shall have 6*d.* relief weekly from henceforth, in respect that he is blind; and that *uxor* Hall shall have 2*d.* weekly for looking to him, being both in St. Anthony's hospital; his first payment of 6*d.* to be due to-morrow" (n. 31, fol. 86). "Also it is agreed that Thomas Waddesworth shall have 6*s.* 8*d.* given him by Mr. Alderman

Mosley forth of his collection for the poor, towards the charges of the setting forth and carrying up of his daughter to London to service" (n. 31, fol. 302). And there is a case in which an alderman undertakes parish doctor's work. May 4, 26^o Eliz., 1584. "It is agreed that Mr. Maskewe, alderman, shall have the curing of one Blakeye's wife, and one Katherine, commonly called 'fond Katherine;' and he to be paid by the Chamberlains" (n. 28, fol. 137).

Talking of doctors, a lady was admitted even in those early and exclusive times to practise as a surgeon. June 2, 14^o Eliz., 1572. "And forasmuch as it appeareth [that Isabel Warwite hath skill in the science of surgery, and hath] done good therein, it is agreed by these presents that she upon her good behaviour shall use the same science within this city, without let of any of the surgeons of the same, *quousque*, &c." (n. 25, fol. 15).

But to return to the Poor Law. The instances of relief given above are casual, but there was a methodical inspection of the poor, and an assessment of the citizens for their support. So February 15, 16^o Eliz., 1573, "It was agreed by these presents that my Lord Mayor, the aldermen, and twenty-four of this city, shall cause the constables and two or three honest men of this city, to call all the poor, aged, and impotent of any parish before them in their several wards at their places accustomed, and there to view and take order for relief of the said aged and impotent according to the statutes. And to-morrow [to begin] with Micklyth-ward, at one of the clock in the afternoon; and Monk-ward on Wednesday next at nine of the clock before noon: Walmgate-ward on Thursday next, at one of the clock in the afternoon: and Bootham-ward on Friday next at one of the clock in the afternoon" (n. 25, fol. 114 b).

The year before the date of this last-given entry, the town clerk made a complete list, which he recorded in the House-books, of all the persons assessed for the poor, of all the labourers, their wives and children, and of the chargeable poor. This list represents consequently the social status of the citizens of York, in January of the fifteenth year of Elizabeth, 1573. The statistics drawn from these entries are interesting.

In all 593 persons were assessed for the poor, of whom 183, the largest number, were in the Walmgate-ward, and 103, the smallest number, in Micklegate-ward. There were altogether 82 labourers, 62 labourers' wives, and 44 children

in the city. The parishes of St. Saviour, St. Helen in Stonegate, Allhallows on the Pavement, St. John at Ousebridge-end, and St. Martin with St. Gregory, all have the remarkable entry, "There are no labourers nor poor folks in this parochie." And there are 14 men, 11 women, and 8 children who are ordered to "avoid [quit] this city before Pentecost." The houseless poor found room in the three hospitals. St. Thomas' contained 4 men, 10 women, and 3 children; and 2 men, 3 women, and 3 children came there to receive out-door relief. Trinity hospital contained exactly the same number of persons as St. Thomas', and 2 men came from without for relief; while St. Anthony's had 6 men, 8 women, and 6 children within, and 3 men, 3 women, and 3 children without. The total amount distributed to these 73 paupers was 1*l.* 12*s.* weekly.

The whole amount contributed for the poor by the 593 persons assessed was 3*l.* 13*s.* 5*d.* a week. Only 12 persons were assessed at 6*d.*, and these were all aldermen. There was but one person who paid more, and that was Sir Valentine Browne, who lived in Pyke parish, and paid 12*d.* a week. Lady Cholmeley lived in St. Saviour's, and her poor rate was 2*d.* Two names appear in this list which interest us on account of their relationship to martyrs. John Clithero is there in Christ's parish, assessed at 2*d.*, the well-to-do butcher who had married Margaret Middleton about eighteen months before this. And John Oldcorne, the father of Edward Oldcorne, the famous Jesuit, was rated at three halfpence a week. In May, 1574, the same name, phonetically written John Awdcorne, appears as that of one of the "honest persons," or overseers of the poor, in St. Sampson's parish.

Causes of all sorts were tried in my Lord Mayor's court. One of the most curious was the trial of a whole jury "touching not finding Margaret Dickson, wife of one Christopher Dickson of Chipping, to be a rogue in the first degree, according to their evidence, and some of them also for answering disorderly before the Justices of the sessions holden the 7th day of March. The said persons did now [March 14, 26^o Eliz., 1582] make their answers to the same, and said they could not find the said Margaret to be a rogue for that she had a husbandman:¹ wherefore this Court did think that the said jurors did not according to their evidence: wherefore they were severally called and demanded if they

¹ *Husbandman*, the master of a family. Chaucer, *Cant. Tales*.—Halliwell.

would submit themselves to abide the order of this worshipful assembly touching the premisses. Richard Whittington, William Gibson, &c., did submit themselves to the order of these presents, and all the residue did refuse so to do. Therefore it is now agreed by these presents that those who did submit themselves, upon payment of their fees, shall be discharged of their appearance at the next sessions, and the residue to appear there according to their recognizances. And that all the said jurors shall abide such further order touching the premisses as these presents shall set down" (n. 28 fol. 133 b).

The election of the Lord Mayor was held annually in the Guildhall in Coney Street, on the 15th of January. That being the feast of St. Maurus,² the day was best known by that title. Insubordination on that occasion was thus punished.

January 18, 16^o Eliz., 1574. "And whereas Edmund Dacres, being a free citizen of this city, did use undecent and unseemly talk in words to my Lord Mayor on St. Maury day last past at the Common Hall, in presence of Mr. Recorder, the aldermen, twenty-four, and Common Council of this city, being then and there assembled for election of a new mayor: therefore it is agreed by these presents that the said Edmund shall be committed to ward for his said offence in example of others, there to remain during my Lord Mayor's pleasure" (n. 25, fol. 106).

Causes are frequent in which persons are committed to prison for what we must call *scandalum magnatum*—the *magnates* being city magnates, of course.

Thus November 7, 1600. "And now John Nixon, John Chapman's hostler, sent to ward yesterday by Mr. Sheriffs for abusing them as they were in the same night taking post-horse, called up into this court, and witnesses produced against him, viz., Richard Loble, servant to Mr. Sheriff Edwardes, sworn, saith that the said Nixon did say, 'It is pity that any such catterpillar as he should be a sheriff;' and the said Loble asking him whom he meant, he answered him, 'Sheriff Edwardes:' which being willed to answer unto, he answering saith that he spoke words, but not those, for which he is sorry: whereof this court taking consideration, he is again commit to ward, there to remain close prisoner till Monday next at noon; and if in the meantime he shall make such submission to Mr. Sheriff Edwardes as he shall like of, then to be set at liberty and not before; and if such submission shall not be

² "In die festo Sci. Mauri, scilt. xvto die Januarii" (n. 28, fol. 120 b).

[made], then to remain till further consideration be taken by my Lord Mayor's discretion for his enlargement" (n. 32, fol. 120).

Providing post-horses—that is, seizing the horses of citizens for the service of her Majesty's post³—must have been a troublesome portion of the duties of the Lord Mayor and sheriffs. However, when blamed they could punish their officials. So September 4th, 1583, "Forasmuch as John Jackson, officer, did not do his duties in getting of post-horses in time for my Lord President, according as that said Jackson was demanded by my Lord Mayor, whereat my Lord President was greatly displeased and offended at my Lord Mayor: It is therefore now agreed by these presents that the said Jackson shall be forthwith committed to ward to Monkbar, there to remain during my Lord Mayor's pleasure. And further order to be taken by my Lord Mayor and aldermen, &c., for his said offence" (n. 28, fol. 108 b).

Another curious case is that of the imprisonment of Sheriff Watson for disrespect to the Lord Mayor. The sheriff had been previously threatened by the Lord Mayor's Court that he would be "committed to ward," if he did not admit a demurrer sent down to him, and if he took certain fees from the attorneys which the court forbade. He and the Lord Mayor were not therefore on very friendly terms, when one day the Lord Mayor went down to the Sheriff's Court, and seated himself on the bench beside the sheriff. "In contemptuous manner," as the Lord Mayor reported it to his own court, June 23rd, 1596, "not regarding the authority of the Lord Mayor of this city, with unmannerly, undecent, and unreverent behaviour and gesture, in outrageous and angry manner, with a very loud voice, in the audience of a number of suitors and others as well foreigners as freemen there present, with vehement speeches did say to his lordship, 'You have no place here,' meaning to sit upon the bench, 'get you down. Yonder is the place,' appointing in scornful wise unto the lower seats, 'for you and the aldermen in this court, for the Lord Mayor is no judge here, for the sheriffs are judges.' Whereunto his lordship answering said, 'Mr. Sheriff, I have a place here, and will have a place here, to sit as Chancellor over you, to overrule you if you do not men right, and to see that you do right and justice to men in their

³ It was ordered November 14, 11th Eliz., 1569, that there should be "eight standing post-horses, and to be allowed for every post-horse 6*d.* a day and night; and the residue of the said number [any more that might be wanted] to be supplied by distress"—by distraining the citizens' horses (n. 24, fol. 163 b).

causes and suits, like as other my predecessors, mayors of this city, have always had done and been accustomed and used to have and do.' Whereupon the said Mr. Sheriff Watson said, 'If you sit here, I will keep no court.' And thereupon with loud and high speeches, in angry and unreverent sort, commanded his serjeants to adjourn the court divers times, which his lordship hearing, said, 'Mr. Sheriff, there is an order set down by me and my brethren that you shall keep the court as other your predecessors have done. And I do enjoin you keep your court.' And that thereupon his lordship called to the common clerk, being there present, saying, 'I would have the order.' Whereunto the common clerk answering, said, 'Mr. Sheriffs have heard the order; it was read to them in the court before your lordship and your brethren.' Whereupon the said Mr. Sheriff Watson, saying, 'If you will sit there and keep the court, do,' and so, with his cap on his head, leaving his lordship still sitting on the bench, unreverently and contemptuously turning his back towards my Lord Mayor in furious and angry manner, crossing over before my Lord Mayor, went down from the bench very haughtily, with a frowning countenance, unto the lower end of the court-house, without all the bars. And being there, called to his serjeants which he had left in the court behind him, with a loud voice and commanded them to adjourn the court divers times before that all the councils for that day were ended. Whereupon one of the serjeants did adjourn the court. And so the said Mr. Sheriff Watson, without any regard of duty to his lordship, went away forth of the court-house, leaving his lordship and the attorneys and others there behind him.

"And the said Mr. Sheriff Watson being now here present, having heard my Lord Mayor his said speeches, being demanded what answer he could make thereunto, sayeth that he said to my Lord Mayor, 'You are no judge here. Nor you have no place here as judge. If you be judge here, then sit and keep the court, for I will keep none if you be judge,' and so commanded the court to be adjourned. And denieth that he did say to my Lord Mayor, 'You have no place here, nor shall have no place here,' in other manner than as before he hath said, denying also that he did abuse my Lord Mayor, or that he committed any offence or contempt or used any misbehaviour against my Lord Mayor.

"Whereupon my Lord Mayor requested that certain persons

who were present in the said court upon the said Saturday might be sworn and examined what was done at that present by Mr. Sheriff in that behalf. Who being sworn and examined, and their depositions thereupon openly read before the said Mr. Sheriff Watson and all those present, by which it was thought by those present that the matter of abuse complained upon by my Lord Mayor was in effect and substance proved: the said Mr. Sheriff Watson was asked by this court whether the same were true or not, and whether he would confess his offence of abuse against my Lord Mayor in that behalf committed, and submit himself to his lordship and to his court for the same or not; [he] sayeth that he hath not offended, nor will submit himself in any sort for that matter, for that he will prove the contrary. Whereupon the said Mr. Sheriff Watson was sent forth of this court into my Lord Mayor's Chequer Court until further consideration of the premisses should be had by this court. And thereupon the said matter being thoroughly examined and considered upon by these presents, the said Mr. Sheriff Watson being called again into this court, upon examination of the premisses and good deliberation and consideration of the same had, for charge as it appeareth by the depositions of the said witnesses, that the said Mr. Sheriff Watson did very contemptuously and unreverently behave himself in the said court upon the said Saturday last past, against my Lord Mayor, being then sitting on the bench with him, as well in countenance and duty as in speeches, and that he denied and said to my Lord Mayor, 'You have no place here, nor shall have no place here,' and that with vehement and loud speeches he willed or commanded his serjeants to adjourn the court, and that thereupon my Lord Mayor did enjoin him to keep the court according to the order in that behalf, and that the said Mr. Sheriff Watson contemptuously refused so to do, and thereupon in angry and unreverent manner, with his back towards my Lord Mayor, without any regard of decency or reverence to his lordship, went down angrily and hastily from the bench into the nether end of the court-house, without all the bars, leaving my Lord Mayor behind him, sitting on the bench, and being standing in the nether end of the said court-house, with a loud voice called to the serjeants who were still in the court and commanded them to adjourn the court, and thereupon, my Lord Mayor still sitting on the bench, the court was adjourned, a great number of people, as well foreigners as

freemen, being then there present, hearing and seeing the same. And for that also it is very well known to all these presents of their own knowledge that the Lord Mayor of this city for the time being hath always, at his pleasure, time [out] of mind of man, used and been accustomed to go into the courts holden before the sheriffs of this city for the time being, and there to sit between the sheriffs, and hath used to deliver his advice in causes there, as well at trials as otherwise at his free liberty. And as Chancellor over the same court hath used to take or receive causes and suits forth of the same court, either before himself or into this court, and to take order therein in equity, or by his lordship's discretion. And for that the speeches, gestures, and doings of the said Mr. Sheriff Watson are apparent to this court to be very contemptuous and to the great abuse of his lordship, especially in respect of his authority and office being the chief magistrate of this city, to whom the said Mr. Sheriff Watson and all the free citizens of this city are sworn to be obedient, and that if the same should remain unpunished the same might be, as it is thought to these presents, to the greater encouragement and emboldening of others to commit the like, and rather to contemn and disobey his lordship's government and authority than to obey, to the great hurt or overthrow of the authority and government of the Lord Mayor in and over this city. And that therefore the same being so outrageously and contemptuously and in such place spoken, committed, and done, deserveth to be punished both by great fine and imprisonment. It is therefore now agreed and ordered by all these presents (the said Mr. Sheriff Watson excepted) that the said Mr. Sheriff Watson shall be forthwith committed to ward to my Lord Mayor's kidcote, there to remain until he shall be delivered from thence by this court. And so is committed unto the custody of the esquire-at-mace to be carried and delivered into the same prison. And it is further ordered that he shall pay, and he is assessed by this court to pay into the Common Chamber of this city, to the use of this Corporation, before he shall be delivered forth of and from the said prison, twenty marks for his fine in that behalf. And John Cripling and Thomas Jordon, officers, are appointed jointly and severally to lock and keep the key of the said prison and to attend to the same, to let into and forth of the same such meat, drink, company, and other necessities during the time of his imprisonment as shall be convenient, brought or come to him there" (n. 31, fol. 194).

Of the depositions, it will be sufficient to give one as a specimen. It is that of William Gibson, who was one of the sheriffs when Mrs. Clithero was executed. For his memory we have regard because he was compassionate towards her.

"William Gibson, of the city of York, gentleman, sworn and examined upon his oath, deposeth and sayeth, That Mr. Sheriff Watson, after others speeches betwixt my Lord Mayor and him, said to my Lord Mayor, they both being sitting together on the bench, in the Queen's Majesty's Court of this city, holden before Mr. Sheriffs, 'You have no place here, nor you shall have no place here.' Whereunto my Lord Mayor, answering, said, 'I have a place here to sit as Chancellor, to overrule you, to see that you do men right.' And thereupon Mr. Sheriff said, 'If you sit here, I will keep no court,' and after other speeches, arose up from the bench, and there standing, willed his serjeants divers times to adjourn the court, and before the same was adjourned went down in raging or angry manner from the bench into the lower end of the court-house, [and] being there, willed his serjeants with a loud voice divers times to adjourn the court, leaving my Lord Mayor still sitting on the bench. And thereupon the serjeants did adjourn the court. And so Mr. Sheriff departed. And this examine further sayeth, that before Mr. Sheriff went from the bench, my Lord Mayor commanded him to keep the court, saying, 'There is an order that you shall keep the court, Mr. Sheriff'" (n. 31, fol. 201).

July 1, 1596. "A petition put into this court, by Mr. Sheriff Watson, was read. The tenor whereof hereafter ensueth.

"To the right honourable my Lord Mayor, and the worshipful his brethren.

"May it please your lordship and the worshipful your brethren, whereas your lordship upon the 23rd day of this instant month of June did commit me to your gaol as prisoner, and yet doth there remain for some abuse offence to your lordship supposed to be done. If I have abused your lordship or any of your brethren by word or deed, I am sorry for it. To my knowledge, I have not done anything to offend your lordship. If I have done anything, it is by ignorance: willingly I would not offend you in any respect. Requesting of your lordship my liberty of this my imprisonment. My charge is great at home, my office is greater charge. If your lordship will not release me, I humbly require your lordship to give me

leave to go home to my house, to see my wife, God knoweth, who lieth at the mercy of God. God be her comforter if it be His good will and pleasure to release her of her pain to His good will and pleasure. Thus humbly requiring your lordship's favour herein, in thus doing, I will daily pray for you.

"Your poor orator, close in the prison,

"GEORGE WATSON."

"Which being read and heard, for that the same is thought to this court not to be any such submission in respect of his said offence as in that behalf is requested: It is therefore agreed by these presents that the keeper of the said prison shall forthwith bring the said Mr. Sheriff Watson before these presents, to be heard whether he will say any further than is contained in his said petition, and whether he will pay his fine, or submit himself or not. Who being come into this court, and having heard both the said petition, and also the order made at the court where he was committed, viz., the 23rd day of June last past, read unto him, and being thereupon demanded [whether] he will pay the said fine or not, and whether he will confess his said offence, and submit himself for the same or not, sayeth in effect and substance as is mentioned and contained in the said petition, and otherwise will not submit nor pay. Whereupon the said order made the said 23rd day of June last past is by all these presents confirmed, and he is sent back again to the said prison, there to remain according to the same order.

"And the said Mr. Sheriff Watson being committed as aforesaid continuing in ward, going about to get himself set at liberty by order of her Majesty's Council in the North, did upon the third or fourth day of July, 1596, exhibit a petition to her Majesty's said Council, declaring thereby, That my Lord Mayor without any just cause, did upon the 23rd day of June the last past, wrongfully commit him to ward into a noisome and unwholesome prison, not convenient, [with] moist and evil air. And bound, would not let him at liberty upon good bond offered, nor suffer him to go home to see his wife, she being sore sick, and that by reason my Lord Mayor was an officer in the said court holden before her Majesty's said Council, he could get none to be of his counsel there, and prayed counsel and attorney to be assigned, or to the like effect, which petition so exhibited her Majesty's said Council

did send to my Lord Mayor to see. And afterwards it was thought by the same Council convenient that my Lord Mayor and the aldermen be before them at the Council table in the Manor upon Tuesday the 6th of July, in the afternoon, and that notice should be sent thereof to his lordship, and no process to be awarded in that behalf. And that their pursuivant should give warning to the said Mr. Sheriff Watson, and to the keeper of the prison, that he should be brought thither by the said prison keeper before them in ward, to the end that they might hear and understand the truth of the said matter touching the cause of his imprisonment and fine. At which time my Lord Mayor and aldermen did go to the Manor, and took with them Mr. Recorder, Mr. Robert Waterhouse, and Mr. Cuthbert Pepper, esquires, then therein of counsel with my Lord Mayor to declare the cause of his said imprisonment and fine, and to open the said matter, and to show how my Lord Mayor and aldermen had proceeded and dealt therein, and how, and in what sort, the said Mr. Sheriff Watson had abused my Lord Mayor. And the said Mr. Sheriff Watson, being at that time brought thither in ward, brought with him Robert Hungate and Henry Topham, esquires, counsellors, upon his part to show and set forth how wrongfully without cause he was imprisoned, as he pretended. And thereupon her Majesty's said Council, viz., the Most Reverend Father in God Matthew, Lord Archbishop of York his Grace, William Mallorie, knight, Edward Stanhope, William Cardinal, and John Pearn, esquires, being set at the Council table, my Lord Mayor and aldermen, and the said city's said counsel, and the said Mr. Sheriff Watson and his counsel, being all come into the great chamber before them, my Lord Mayor being set at the said Council table with the Council at the upper end of the table over against my Lord Archbishop his Grace, the said Mr. John Pearn, esquire, secretary unto and one of the same Council, did read the said Mr. Sheriff Watson's petition. And so the said matter proceeded to full hearing for both parties. Which being heard and duly considered upon by her Majesty's said Council upon good consideration and deliberation thereof then by them had, it did appear plainly and evidently unto them that the said Mr. Sheriff Watson had misbehaved himself towards my Lord Mayor, and that he had therein greatly abused his lordship, and that he deserved to be both imprisoned and fined, and that my Lord Mayor and his court had dealt well and discreetly

in the said matter, and that the said Mr. Sheriff Watson's petition was untrue, in that my Lord Mayor thought he might have committed him lawfully upon himself, yet did not, but complained of his abuse to his court, and that thereupon he was committed by this court, as by the order of his committing made the said 23rd day of June last past appeareth. And also that the prison is a convenient prison, and usual in such cases, and that he did not offer bail, &c. Therefore it was by her Majesty's said Council then and there resolved, That the said Mr. Sheriff Watson should be sent back again in the custody aforesaid, unto the said prison, there to remain *in statu quo prius* until he should be delivered from thence by this court. And so the keeper of the said prison took him and carried him back again unto the prison aforesaid, where he remained until the 8th of July aforesaid that he was delivered from thence by this court upon his humble submission made and fine paid, howbeit her Majesty's said Council at the hearing of the said cause did entreat my Lord Mayor and aldermen upon his submission to be good to him touching his fine, or some part thereof to be remitted or given him again, if my Lord Mayor and aldermen should like of his conformity.

"8th day of July 1596, 30^o Elizabeth. James Birkby, Lord Mayor the second time.

"Assembled in the Common Chamber of this city the day and year above said for election of an alderman in place of Henry May, late alderman, deceased, when and where my Lord Mayor showed to his Court a petition preferred or sent unto his lordship by Mr. Sheriff Watson, wherein he offereth to submit himself for his said offence, requesting to be set at liberty of his imprisonment. Whereupon it is agreed by these presents that he shall be sent for and brought from the said prison to this place, to be heard what he will say in that behalf.

"And now Mr. Sheriff Watson, being brought by the officer forth of my Lord Mayor's kidcote, before these presents doth humbly submit himself unto my Lord Mayor and his court for his offence and abuse towards my Lord Mayor, confessing that he did herein abuse my Lord Mayor and very much forget himself and his duty therein towards my Lord Mayor, and that his committing and punishment in that behalf and all the fine assessed upon him is upon right cause, and that his misbehaviour deserved the same, notwithstanding he saith that he so offended through ignorance and not upon wilfulness, praying to be released

of his said fine, whereupon it is thought meet by these presents being assembled as yet in the council chamber within the Common Hall not gone forth into the hall, that the same submission shall be openly declared and made in the Common Hall, both before these presents and the Common Council and head searchers there now assembled and such others as are there present, openly, and that he shall there pay his fine; and thereupon my Lord Mayor and all these presents going forth and set in the open hall, Mr. Recorder declared openly before the same assembly the cause of the committing of the said Mr. Sheriff Watson, and how he had offended and was committed and fined for his said abuse, in effect and substance as is mentioned in the order made when he was committed the 23rd day of June, 1596. And how that now he, the said Mr. Sheriff, was very sorry for the same offence, had confessed the same, and did submit himself for the same, praying to be released, and thereupon the said Mr. Sheriff Watson, in humble and dutiful manner, did humbly confess and acknowledge his said offence towards my Lord Mayor and his court, and said that all that and whatsoever Mr. Recorder had declared was true, and requested my Lord Mayor and these presents not to be any further offended with him therein, and humbly submitted himself for the same, and paid his fine of twenty marks [13*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*] assessed upon him in that behalf, as is mentioned in the said order made the said 23rd of June, when he was committed, praying this court to be good unto him touching the same fine, which fine is delivered to William Halley, to be paid into the Common Chamber. And thereupon he is set at liberty and discharged of his imprisonment by his ward" [keeper].

The sheriff added greatly to his original offence by his appeal to the Council of the North, but it was evidently no slight consolation to my Lord Mayor to have had his seat at the Council table given to him, and that "at the upper end of the table, over against my Lord Archbishop his Grace." The town clerk evidently enjoys recording that the High Council of the North itself had interceded in vain for a remission or diminution of Sheriff Watson's fine. The Corporation of York always resented strongly the grave infringement of their privileges that was involved in an action brought by one citizen against another before any other than the city courts. The following entry in the house-books gives expression to the feeling:—

"4 June, 20^o Eliz., 1578.

"Also it is agreed by these presents that no citizen or citizens of this city shall sue or implead any other citizen or citizens of the same in any court or courts other than such as are holden within this city by virtue of the Queen's Majesty's charters or other the laws and customs of this city for any matter or cause for which he or they may have remedy or recovery in any of the courts holden within this city by virtue of the said charters or the customs and lawful usages of the same city, upon pain that every one offending herein shall forfeit and pay to the city's use for every such offence 40s" (n. 27, fol. 95).

J. M.

At Home and Abroad.

IV.—ZERMATT.

A FINE bright morning saluted us when we came down to start for our mountain journey. There is a smooth road through the valley to Argentière, and as we drive along at a quick pace we are in excellent humour for the work before us. We cast many a glance upon the valley, with which we have now grown familiar; it seems almost like taking farewell of an old friend, we have known it in such different moods and have seen it under such varying aspects; and so we bid adieu to its bright glaciers, its rugged aiguilles, and its sublime heights, each of which appears just now to stand out in all its glory, as though it would leave a bright and lasting impression on our memory as we hurry away.

As we advance up the valley we feel that we are already beginning the ascent; the woods close in upon us, we cross the Arve, and soon reach the little village which takes its name from the grand silver glacier which streams down upon it from the aiguille above. And here at Argentière our drive terminates; for we are to climb, some on foot and some on mules, a pass over which even Chamonix cars cannot make their way.

It was a matter of consideration which of the two well known routes we should select. That by the Col de Balme has one view of surpassing grandeur, back over Chamonix and Mont Blanc; while the Tête Noire has many fine ones, but not one so fine. We had resolved upon this latter route, when inexorable destiny, in the person of our guide, overruled our decision, by telling of a third, a mule path, which surpasses in beauty both the others, and so it was arranged that we should work our way to greater heights, and pass through the Gorge du Triège, following the Eau Noire into the Valley of the Rhone at Vernayaz.

So at Argentière the riders mount their mules, the walkers grasp their alpenstocks, while the carriers pack up the luggage

with which they are to toil over these wild mountain ways. With some of our now somewhat large party, this luggage question is not easily solved. For our two selves, self-denial and the losses on the road had reduced our luggage to such modest dimensions that our one mule could be scarcely conscious of a burthen; but one of the carriers, with an obstinacy which entitled him to take rank with the mules, shook his head at the burthen assigned to him; and then we saw for the first time what we had so often read of in the newspapers, "the oldest inhabitant," who came out for the occasion, shook his head also, and evidently had not known such a thing done in his memory. However, all was finally arranged, and we started for the heights before us. Leaving the road to the Col de Balme on our right, our way mounts rapidly upwards, and a few miles brings us to the top of the pass, some five thousand feet high, where we look back upon the Valley of Chamonix, which we are now leaving. This height is the lowest point in the chain which shuts in Chamonix and here connects it with the Aiguilles Rouges, a grand headland which is ever drawing our eyes towards its massive form and noble outline. Crossing this crest of the mountains, another valley opens upon us, and the river which gives its name to our route, and which is indeed to be our companion and guide for the day, the Eau Noire, first comes into sight. Down we come into the valley, pass through its little capital, its chief village, and admire the perseverance of the people, who have several times rebuilt their church, and have now fortified it with strong earthworks against their powerful enemy the avalanche. Down, still down, and still more steep is the descent, then through a pine forest at the base, where we find the Half-way House and rest for all. Thus far we have pursued the usual Tête Noire route to the frontier, for here we quit Savoy for Switzerland; and very characteristic is this entrance up steep zigzags to a high level overhanging the Val de Trient. The views over this grand valley are very beautiful, and we see it from almost every point of view. At one point another valley crosses our path, and we wind around its side until we cross it by a bridge one hundred feet above the gulf below. Under this bridge rushes a river which issues from a cleft in the adjacent mountain. Evidently this is a show place. A small inn, with a notice of the charge for visiting "les Gorges du Triège," calls for a pause. We climb a rude staircase, cross the roof of the house, on to a rickety gallery which clings

desperately to one side of the ravine, up slippery steps to another gallery, and so on amid the roar of rushing waters and the mist of the wild torrent which here tears its way between smooth walls of precipice, that cause it to twist and turn in its irregular path like a monster writhing in mortal agony. It is a strange scene, grand with a fierce and noisy grandeur that overwhelms rather than impresses. We retrace our steps, dizzy and confounded, and return with pleasure to our lofty path which overhangs the calm valley below, and look back upon its chief features ere we bid it farewell. But soon a new scene opens before us. The Valley of the Rhone, with its mountain walls and bounteous river, lies at our feet far below. There is Vernayaz close under us. It seems that we could drop down upon it, so steep is the cliff to the edge of which our road has brought us; but so high is it that we have to descend down fifty-two zigzags to reach the valley. A mountain torrent accompanies us in this downward march; we cross it at every turn, and under each one of these fifty-two bridges, as well as over the intervening rocks, it leaps in falls of ever-changing beauty, and so beguiles us on our way that the monotony of change which such a road implies is quite overlooked in the pleasure of such bright and lively companionship.

This leap into the valley below is one of the peculiarities of the place, of which the Gemmi pass on the opposite side is but a wilder form. It serves to illustrate in a more than usually striking manner the vast differences of level which prevail in these lands. Here have we been travelling for hours upon a comparatively level plain, and suddenly we find ourselves on the brink of a precipice, with a whole region hundreds of feet below us. As we ascend this Rhone Valley in subsequent days, we shall find it rising up to this higher level, not by gradual ascent so much as by mighty steps of precipice after precipice: so that it seems as though the Rhone glacier which feeds the river and closes the upper end of the long valley, were some vast citadel, protected at various stages of its approach by giant outworks, which have to be scaled in succession before the invader can reach the main fortress.

At Vernayaz, where we take up our quarters for the night, in what is undoubtedly the best and most comfortable hotel in the Rhone Valley, we have two glorious effects of this sudden plunge downwards. Close to the hotel, to which indeed it gives its name, is "*les Gorges du Trient*." Here the river Trient,

rushing down from the Tête Noir, forces its way between perpendicular cliffs with an energy and noise quite equal to what we heard and saw above at the Gorges du Triège. Indeed the two places differ as little as their names, and seem to be owing to the same cause, viz., the action of earthquake. These clefts in the solid rock can hardly be due to water action, at least in their origin, even if, as seems doubtful, the river has ever done more than flow through the crack which an earthquake has made for it. The solid rock has, in both cases, been split asunder, and the adamantine walls seem ready to close again against the fierce stream, which, with all its roar and violence has made but little impression upon them.

A short mile down the valley brings us upon another river, the Sallenche, which leaps boldly out of an opening in the face of the cliff, two hundred and eighty feet high. The rock here is nearly perpendicular, but the fall is broken at its upper part; indeed, the final leap is reduced to one hundred and twenty feet, but owing to the great body of water, for the Sallenche is a real river, and the boldness of its dash, the waterfall deserves and enjoys a high reputation, which implies no little in this land of living waters. It is a conspicuous object for some distance along the valley, and doubtless is familiar enough, under a ruder but more expressive name, to many of those hurried travellers who rush along Swiss valleys at railroad speed. Well, we must not speak against railroads while they confine their energies to this lowest level of the Rhone Valley. The place is said not to be very healthy, and so we, like the rest of the world, are glad to hurry on the next morning by train as far as the line is yet completed, to Sierre, whence we post onwards up the valley to Visp, where we quit it for the mountain pass, the Visper-Thal, which is to bring us to our next mountain home at Zermatt.

Visp has nothing to invite us to a longer delay than luncheon and the preparing of mules for the mountain journey necessitate. It seems to exist but for these uses, and is as battered a ruin as earthquakes and wild waters in their rough play can make it. The river Visp, which gives the dilapidated place its name, swaggers over its ruined dwellings in some places to a height of thirteen feet. And when we bear in mind how uncertain these mountain rivers are in their volume, we may easily imagine what an unequal contest the poor fever-stricken inhabitants wage with the fitful tyrant to keep him within his legitimate boundaries. Twenty years ago the last great earthquake left

only seven houses habitable in a place which was once the residence of grandees, who indeed were so grand that they had a church all to themselves, while ordinary mortals were relegated to a second one for their devotions. The last earthquake, with the levelling principles which it shared with the age, made no distinction, shook both alike, and tumbled down the ceiling of the church of the great men. It is, however, satisfactory to hear that these exclusive nobles had left both church and village before such radical principles had carried themselves into practice. So, as we said, Visp is not a pleasant spot, however interesting it may be in a geological point of view.

It takes between eight and nine hours to traverse the Visper-Thal from this dismal entrance to Zermatt, which closes it. A roasting afternoon sun is upon us as we get our cavalcade in order, and climb the steep and narrow street which branches off from the main road, and leads us by delapidated houses and the earthquake-shaken churches to the mouth of the valley above. The pass opens with a sandy valley, which, however, by no means implies a sandy desert, for it abounds in vines and with the low bushes of the barberry, which are now brilliant with clusters of red fruit. Even now we catch a glimpse of the glories before us, for up rises one of the peaks of that mountain of mountains which in truth has more impressed us than many others of greater reputation. The Mischabelhorn, with its seven snowy peaks, is a sight which once seen cannot be forgotten. It has a character of its own which identifies it at once, see it from what height and distance you may. In this it resembles the Matterhorn, but then it is, as it were, a cluster of Matterhorns, and thrusts nearly all its glittering summits to a greater height. Here it is the snowy Balferin which alone shows itself; the advanced guard, as it were, of that mighty army which we shall see in full array at Zermatt. A climb of five miles brings us to our first halting-place, Stalden, some two thousand seven hundred feet high, and here the juniors, who had obtained possession of the mules at starting, await the arrival of their heated and wearied seniors. Here the valley divides into two branches each with its own Visp, the waters uniting into that powerful river which bears so hard upon the people below. We leave the Saaser Visp and its valley on our left, and trace up the Görn Visp in due time to the mighty glacier which feeds and names it. But now the waters are divided the valley no longer takes its name

from the reduced stream, and so we find ourselves in the Nicolai-Thal, which tells us of our destination, as we have resolved to rest at St. Niklaus to-night. Wild and beautiful is this valley, and fierce is the river which courses along it. At one time our narrow path rises high above its banks, a mere ledge along the face of a precipice, and shows us the north peak of that special glory of this pass, the Weisshorn; then it drops abruptly down to the water's edge, and as we cross a romantic bridge, we espy St. Niklaus in what we might call a bay of the valley, shut in by lofty mountains, which however have none of the gaunt sterility which makes certain parts so terrible in their grandeur, but are rich in forest scenery, screening fertile nooks and fruit-laden orchards. As is but fitting, the church of the patron Saint stands the chief object in the foreground of this rich and pleasing picture, its glittering cupola harmonizing so well with the varied tints around, and toned down by them from what otherwise might be a too bold use of colour. The sun, which was so inconveniently attentive during the first part of our climb, buried itself in clouds after a while, and had now given place to a steady downpour which made the sight of St. Niklaus doubly pleasant; and the Grand Hotel which received us seemed worthy of its lofty name in right of the gracious reception it accorded to such wet and mud-stained wanderers.

The next morning is bright and inviting, and now a wide and less rugged road permits the use of a rough kind of open carriage which speeds us on to Zermatt. The valley, which had widened out at St. Niklaus, soon closes in again, and on our right the waterfalls dash down the perpendicular cliffs, for we are in the region of glaciers. Soon we cross the Visp, and work our way amid enormous blocks of stone, which are often larger than the quaint chalets which stand about them. These are said to have been shaken down from the mountains above in the earthquake of '55. Our way lies now through alternate meadows and forests, still rising towards Zermatt. At St. Niklaus we stood at a height of three thousand eight hundred feet, and now, at this little village of Randa, we are nearly one thousand feet higher. And here we pause for a moment to look across the Visp, where, through an opening in the line of mountain wall which has closed up that side of the valley throughout our drive to-day, we see the glorious Weisshorn and that wonderful Bies Glacier which hangs perpen-

dicularly, as it seems, from the cliffs that sustain it. Why does it not fall? Can those granite arms grasp it with force enough to hold it in its place? If so it should be immovable, and yet we know no glacier is such. At times the storms struggle with that mountain grasp, and tear off huge fragments, which in their fall not only crush what comes in their way, but move with such immense velocity, that the very wind generated by their passage has been known to blow down like card-houses the massive chalets by which they pass. Yet still the glacier stands a seeming contradiction to a great law of nature, and behind it the White Mountain rises glittering with a whiteness which has intensified a general feature into a special characteristic. It is a place to pause; for it has its comforts as well as its scenery. On we hasten through green pastures, which, glacier fed, would be green anywhere, but here amid these storm-worn rocks, and shut in by such intense whiteness, have a greenness which is beautiful exceedingly. Again we cross the Visp to its left bank, over the waters which seem growing fiercer as we approach their source; and here they rush with still greater force through a narrow gorge, and all at once a turn of the road reveals to us what we have come so far to see, the bold lone pyramid of the Matterhorn.

Very soon afterwards, indeed before we have had time to recover from the excitement which the sight of a long-desired object causes, we find ourselves in Zermatt. In itself this queer little village has little to boast of. Some sixty dark brown log houses lie huddled together in a small plain, and out of them rise with great incongruity two staring white barrack-like hotels. A prim Protestant church harmonizes with the hotels, while for the inhabitants of the log huts there is a Catholic church of good dimensions. The village itself lies in the bottom of the small valley, but though it is the lowest point here, it is still upwards of five thousand three hundred feet above sea level. It stands well, and if it had anything to show, it could show it to great advantage. Why then do people crowd to this out of the way hamlet, so that these hotels are a necessity, and their enlargement a daily want! Simply because Zermatt is surrounded by the grandest mountains; because Monte Rosa is here, and its attendant Alps, which form with it the most glorious group in Europe.

We felt this as we crept up the narrow valley during the last two days; felt it as we at times feel the presence of great

powers when they are not as yet revealed to our sight. The gradual but yet steep ascent of our way, which here has climbed more than five thousand feet above sea level, the snowy Alpine peaks which have at times looked down upon us through wide rents in the mountain walls which have shut us in, the outskirts of glaciers, which by their gigantic proportions have told us of the vast rivers as yet out of sight—all these have combined to impress on our minds that feeling of awe which the powers of nature excite when they are thus close upon us, but in their grand manifestations are but partially seen.

And now that the narrow valley has come to an end and opened out into a comparatively wider plain, and we have room to look about us, and the glaciers are wending their slow but ceaseless way to our feet, and the wonderful Matterhorn is more than half revealed, and over what elsewhere would be considered high mountains, but are here only lower heights, rise vast snowy peaks, now indeed is the *genius loci*—which is here surely the spirit of the mountains—upon us, and we feel that we cannot rest in this plain, when so much is made known, but yet only enough to kindle, not to quench our thirst for more; and so we turn at once our thoughts and desires to the Riffel, and ask if we may go thither?

Now what is this Riffel, and why do we ask permission to go there? The Riffel is a mountain ridge which rises above Zermatt to a sufficient height to enable one to look down upon the glaciers which are here so grand, and across them to the mountains beyond; and, moreover, it is easily accessible by a mule path; and over and above all, it has an excellent hotel on its lower height. Two hours and a half will bring one from Zermatt to this lofty dwelling, which stands about eight thousand four hundred feet above sea level. So here is another step upward, more than three thousand feet above Zermatt. And after all, the Riffel hotel is but a resting-place on the way to the top of this mountain station; for there is a further climb for an hour and a half to the Gorner Grat, which stands nearly two thousand feet higher, and places the spectator ten thousand two hundred and ninety feet above the level of the sea. Having been told all this, what more natural than that we should wish to commence the ascent at once, and what more prudent than to secure accommodation in the eagle's nest before we started, and to make sure that we should not be sent down again, or condemned to camp out in those icy elevations. So we inquire

of our landlord, who is, indeed, the only landlord both here and there, and find that we must restrain our impatience and our upward march for another day, for the Riffel is full. So there is nothing left for us but to explore Zermatt itself, and to stroll about the lower heights which hedge it in.

It is difficult, with two large hotels about us, to realize the fact that we are in a lone spot to which there is no other approach but a rugged mule path save for those mountaineers who can toil for hours over glaciers and ice fields; that in short, no one has ever driven here, and that carriages are as useless as they would be at Venice, and for much the same reason. However, a short stroll away from the cluster of hotels and log huts brings the truth home upon the mind, and as we wander along the paths which wind up and down over the uneven ground, and look in vain on all sides for any but an upward way, the wild grandeur of the scene comes in upon us, not with a crushing, but an elevating influence, its majesty is so calm, so solemn, and so silent in its greatness.

There is little of life in the scene. The Visp indeed becomes a rapid and foaming river soon after it has quitted its glacier home; but in these vast fields of ice its noise seems deadened, and is somehow hushed. Man too is here, and just now busy in his scant harvest; but amid such surroundings he seems as insignificant as his poor crop of stunted grass, and so there is really nothing to break the stillness of the scene, and we feel how completely we are cut off from the world beyond. We follow as closely as we can the meanderings of the Visp, and after much scrambling we attain our end, the lowest margin of the Gorner Glacier, out of which it springs. Here the ice curves and thins down until its edge is as sharp as a knife, the under surface having been worn away, it is a simple step from the hard rock to the vast field which winds upwards miles upon miles, till it is lost amid the mountains which culminate in Monte Rosa.

But a few yards from this thin edge the glacier rises to a bold precipitous eminence, and stands a wall of ice with a vast arch in front, in part quite detached from the mass behind, so that the sky and the bright sunlight may be seen beneath it. The opening seems cut by the river which once worked its way from above, but now it burrows its course beneath, and pours out as the rapid Visp, rushing along over the huge fragments of rock that block its path, and by their wide

spreading over the adjacent plain show how fierce that river must be when at its wildest.

Here, and indeed everywhere in the valley, the huge mass of the Matterhorn thrusts itself upon the sight; so strange in its shape, so solitary in its grandeur; so utterly unlike any other mountain, it claims and receives the highest honour of the place, although in absolute height it is overtopped by several of its neighbours. We have seen it under many aspects; glittering in the bright sunshine with not a speck of mist to dim its brightness, at another time shrouded in mists all but its quaint triangular peak, which stood out as though suspended in the air, a "baseless vision;" and then again in the clear moonlight, as cold as itself, it looked as unsubstantial as the clouds which swept over it, and seemed a thing as remote from the earth as the stars which were shining above and beside it. But we must climb to the Gorner Grat before we can see it in all its majesty, and note how it still maintains its sovereign sway over the mind even when measured beside the Monte Rosa.

The last sight at night, the Matterhorn by moonlight, sent us to dream over the wild scenery around us; the first sounds in the morning mingled characteristically enough with those dreams, and we awoke to the bright, pleasant music of one of those strange songs which are peculiar to this Alpine land. The hotel is growing larger, and is in the hands of the workmen, and here, under our windows, is a young labourer, carolling as sweetly as any lark what Madame Stockhausen years ago made so familiar in London. Thus pleasantly aroused, we are soon ready to begin our climb to the Riffel and the Gorner Grat.

We cross some of the meadows we had wandered among yesterday, but soon reach in the fresh morning the foot of the mountain. For a considerable distance the path climbs steeply up through a forest, and then emerges upon the open heights above. Here the view widens, and some glaciers show themselves with snowy heights beyond. From this high terrace to the hotel the ascent is by zigzags. When these are climbed we find ourselves on a corner of the mountain we have thus far ascended, which forms a terrace to the excellent hotel with a view which few such places command. Behind and on one side stretches the mountain in a gradually rising plain, but with such high swelling waves of moorland close at hand, that the chief point, Monte Rosa itself, is quite shut out. So it is

not long ere we start for the Gorner Grat which lies beyond, and which surmounts all these nearer obstacles and opens out the complete view before us. There is no very steep climbing in this last stage of the ascent. It is the old story of a height attained and then another beyond; each winning us on as though it were the last; and so we are beguiled into renewed energy and achieve what would have been more difficult had we seen from the first the whole of what was before us. Of course, as we rise vegetation diminishes and then ceases; the scant herbage dies out, and the shaded nooks are now filled with snow, which spreads out in shallow sheets, a kind of faint image of the miles upon miles of glacier below us. At last we reach the summit, a smooth head some fifty yards across; on one side dropping down a gaunt precipice to the Gorner Glacier below, and on another sweeping down in a vast snow field.

We sit down upon the brink which is here formed and guarded by storm-worn pinnacles, the summits of the high precipices which seem to rise out of the glaciers below, but which are indeed the lower wall of that vast basin in which lie these glaciers, and which towers on the opposite side to fifteen thousand feet in the Monte Rosa Range.

And now the whole panorama is before us. We look down upon the vast glacier which flows in such broad sweep beneath our feet; we follow the winding of its tributary streams which run between the bases of the mountains, and we see those mountains from base to summit rising in their vast proportions. But here it is that the mind fails to grasp that greatness, for it has lost its usual guide and is misled, or rather utterly confounded by novel effects. Distance can no longer be judged by the ordinary laws of aerial perspective, for in this pure atmosphere it but diminishes the size and not the distinctness of objects; and here this latter test fails simply because there are no familiar objects to be seen. Where there are houses and trees we may use this measure of distance; but when, as here, everything is gigantic, the glacier, snow field, and mountain alike, we have to turn to our "Murray" and read the height of the one and the length and breadth of the other before we can bring our minds to understand how vast and colossal are the things before us. And when we are told that from left to right of our present point of view, that is, from the Cima di Jazi, which turns the current of the Gorner Glacier round Monte Rosa, to the Matterhorn which bars it on our

extreme right, is a distance of twelve miles of ice and snow; that the whole panorama of snowy mountains around us has a diameter of forty miles, we begin to understand how the mountains on the opposite side of this vast sea of ice, and which appear to be beneath us, really rise to heights varying from twelve to upwards of fifteen thousand feet, with breadths which stunt them down to such apparently small dimensions.

Here Monte Rosa is the "monarch of mountains," as Mont Blanc is at Chamonix; and if the White Mountain claims pre-eminence over the Rosy one, it is barely by a difference of five hundred feet.

But for the spectator the advantage is all the other way; for here at the Gorner Grat we stand high above any ordinary stand-point at Chamonix. We are now two thousand feet above the highest point of the Brévent, and indeed three hundred above the Grands Mulets, which stands so high up the side of Mont Blanc itself. And then, again, we have nothing here between us and the glaciers below; no valley but the sea of ice itself between us and the snowy heights: and what a chain of mountains constitutes that range, which sweeps not only before us in one long line of alternate glacier and peak, but winds round our mountain stand-point in a continuous panorama, which, indeed, on one side sweeps beyond this Pennine Range, and brings into its glorious picture the leading features of the Bernese Alps themselves!

So Monte Rosa is our present reigning monarch, and with true travellers' instinct and fickleness we willingly transfer our allegiance to the powers that be—*Le Roi est mort, vive le Roi*

We are gazing our full at this monarch and trying to imagine the size of those wide-spread fields of snow which rest between its own bold lower promontories and leave little space in its saddle-back of snow for the peaks to crown it, when a sharp eye and good glass reveal to one near us a group of Alpine climbers who are coming down its side. It is some time before we can distinguish the three specks which are indeed upon that white field. Now they move slowly and at fixed distances apart; they are evidently tied by a rope, which we cannot see: now they move rapidly; they are sliding down; and now they altogether disappear. Are they lost? It is a period of no little anxiety, but soon they re-appear. Another group of four is seen behind and above them, and then the interest doubles. These second are bolder and soon

pass the first, and then we spectators get excited with the race, and odds are freely offered and taken; but who shall determine, or when shall we know?

Not far from Monte Rosa, and separated from it by the broad sweep of a glacier, rises the Lyskamm, not much lower than the great mountain itself; next come twin heights, Castor and Pollux, and then what we must confess is our favourite of this range, the Breithorn. It has not quite the height of those we have mentioned, but it has a grandeur of rockly outline which others want, and which elevates it in the mind's eye far above actual measurement. Its vast precipices sweep in grand semi-circular terraces across its summit and round its sides, and clasp between them mountains and valleys of snow which mimic the contortions and follow the curves of the strong arms which hold them in their close embrace. Next the eye rests upon a broad sweep of snow which rises gracefully to a rounded ridge and disappears. This is the Pass of St. Théodule; but soon the eye is drawn away from this high Alpine way to the Matterhorn, which rises a tower of snow-clad rock to a height five hundred feet less than Monte Rosa. But standing thus alone, and rising in one comparatively narrow mass with sides too steep to be smothered in snow, it seems higher and more commanding than all the rest. So Zermatt comes to be connected in the mind of the tourist with the Matterhorn rather than with Monte Rosa, which latter indeed does not show so well from this as from the Italian side. It is long before the eyes can turn away from this the chief range of the Monte Rosa group; but when they do, another and only less grand scene presents itself. There stand the two enormous buttresses which run at right angles from the great range, and indeed shut in the valley by which we have reached Zermatt. Now we see what was but partially revealed during the two days we travelled from Visp hither. To the right of our then path rises, among others, that Weisshorn we caught a glimpse of at Randa, while to its left and separating it from the Saas Valley, which joins it at Stalden, rises that glorious cluster of mountains, the Mischabelhorn, of which we have already spoken. And away between these two ranges, beyond our valley and across that greater one of the Rhone, we have as yet but partially explored, rises a confused multitude of Alps, too far off to be distinguished and localized, but yet near enough to show what the other side of the Rhone Valley has in store for

us in the Bernese Alps. One, however, stands out so grandly among that distant range as to claim especial notice, and takes its place, as it were, with this its far off brethren, and so the Nesthorn comes to rank among the sights of the Gorner Grat.

We have fidgetted about from point to point to get every possible view of this sublime scene, for indeed it is too vast and grand for the mind to comprehend in one whole, and so we have tried to grasp it in fragments; but now at last we sit down to take our final view: and as we do so the thought arises in our mind—What will come of this? What is the future of all these mountains, glaciers, and snow fields? This incessant march of the ice down into the valley, will it in time gain possession of the land it is ever invading, or will it wear itself out and perish in the end? Of late it has gained ground. Twelve years ago the Gorner Glacier thrust itself forward into the lowlands, swept away the bridge over the Visp, turned up with its thin edge, as with a gigantic plough, the cultivated soil, and planted the ice cave of which we have spoken as at once an outwork and a trophy upon the conquered territory. What if this advance continue? Zermatt will be as the frozen sea beneath us; and then assuredly the Weisshorn on one side and the Mischabelhorn on the other will overwhelm the Nicolai Thal between them; and poor Visp, so long the prey of earthquakes and waters, will become a sort of Zermatt when the ice stream comes to an end. But perhaps the work of ruin will not stop here. The valley of the Rhone has its glacier out of which the river springs, and this might advance until it meets its tributary glaciers, as the Rhone now receives the Visp and kindred streams.

What is to stay this march of desolation? Man can do nothing. But there is an alternative. The glacier may wear itself out and itself pass away, leaving those deep cuttings and high polishings upon its former mountain bed which we shall see in the Grimsel Valley and in places nearer home—at Beddgellert, for instance, in North Wales. This is the more pleasant view; and it is satisfactory to note that moraines, those advanced guards of the glacier, have been observed near the shores of the Lake of Geneva, some forty miles away, showing how the march in former ages has been a retreat, and that to find it we have to follow up the glacier to this its mountain stronghold, to whose secure fastnesses it has slowly fled. So we may look upon it as a vanquished foe, chained

by a Divine hand and made to do a good work with the powers which are so awful in their violence; for we must not forget how these glaciers are the sources from which great rivers flow; that their waters are most abundant when the parched earth most needs their refreshing streams, and that they are water stores which seldom burst their boundaries. It is this that makes the Swiss vallies so green and fertile, and enlivens the whole beautiful land with bright and sparkling streams which know no failing.

And as we turn away from the Gorner Grat and begin our descent to the Riffel Hotel, another thought crosses our minds: how many people there are at home who would wish to look upon this glorious scene—the grandest we have ever looked upon—but who are kept away by a mistaken idea of the difficulties and fatigues of the journey. In truth, there is nothing to daunt any one who has ordinary health and strength, and who does not consider a carriage an essential of travelling. It is quite true that Zermatt is a head-quarters for the young and daring, the home of the real Alpine climbers; and, indeed, it abounds with warriors of this kind, whose talk is of doing this and attempting that, and who bear in their faces the fresh wounds which snow-reflected sun has inflicted upon them, and in whose loud presence our own small efforts are prudently voiceless: yet it is equally true that those who have no such ambitious designs, and who never aspire beyond what a mule path will lead them near, if not absolutely to, will find Zermatt and its surroundings full of accessible beauties, and enjoy quite as much in their own quiet way as the most daring in their bolder efforts, a place which, beyond all others within their reach, stands in the very heart of the grandest range of mountains in Europe, and affords them comfortable quarters where they may at their ease and leisure gaze face to face upon Nature in her wildest and most sublime mood. Many a rambler in search of health and renovation who wastes his summer in fashionable spas and watering-places would find here what he seeks, where early hours, good exercise, and simple nature are the best and only physicians.

H. B.

*Public Liberties in the Middle Ages.*¹

PART THE FIRST.

THAT the Church is the great fautor of despotism, is one of the stock charges against her. And by despotism we may suppose to be meant, whatever in the shape of Government fetters the freedom of men in conducting their own affairs, interferes with the enjoyment of their rights, or impedes their action in the discharge of their duties. Nay, more, not only is the complicity of the Church with arbitrary power alleged as an existing fact in the world, but it is further asserted that such fact is neither more nor less than a representative fact in her history; that her actual complicity may be taken as a symbol of her complicity with despotism during all time; that such complicity is native to her, and the necessary outcome of the principles on which she rests.

The simplest process in dealing with this twofold affirmation is to meet it by a twofold negative. We deny, in the first place, the existence of the alleged fact, either in present or in past times; and we deny it, moreover, for the special reason that such a fact, if existent at any time, would be a simple contradiction of the first principles of the Catholic faith, and out of harmony with the constitution of the Catholic Church, which is the living evolution of those principles.

Two great principles of the Church are charity and justice. But despotism, in the ordinary sense attached to the word, is a breach of charity and a breach of justice. It traverses the duties of mankind, and so it fails in charity; it sets at nought the rights of others, and so it fails in justice.

Or, another form of the same argument would be to say, that two great foundation principles of the Church are the equality and brotherhood of all men in the Body of Jesus Christ; an equality and a brotherhood based on common interest and common hopes, and on the common royal descent

¹ Paper read before the Academia, January 18, 1876.

through the life-giving grace of the Incarnate Word; on common duties, too, and on common rights. Nor are the attributes of this equality and this brotherhood confined to the unseen relations of God's spiritual kingdom. "*In Jesus Christ there is neither Jew nor Gentile; neither bond nor free.*" These great principles must have their influence and leave their mark on the outward forms of human life. Relations in the outer life of men may vary, as indeed from the very nature of things they must, and duties vary, and rights vary; but underlying all are the simple principles of charity and justice embodied in the formula, "*Do to others as you would be done by,*" which must govern all the complex operations of political and social existence.

Again, the alleged fact of which there is question, would be out of harmony with the constitution of the Church herself. It is usual, for instance, with historians of every school of thought, to dwell upon the influence of the ecclesiastical hierarchy in the struggle for the equal distribution of liberties and the protection of rights wheresoever found. The very nature and generating method of the hierarchy supplied a model for all social and political organization. Equality, it is true, had to a large extent been asserted in the notion of the Roman citizenship; in the Teutonic tribe; and in the village community of Celtic Gaul: but mixed up with these, not to dwell on the class divisions peculiar to each, had been the immoral and demoralizing taint of slavery. But in Jesus Christ there is neither bond nor free; and this principle had its fullest embodiment in the Catholic hierarchy. It was recruited from all classes without distinction; and the son of the peasant or of the slave, nay he who had once been himself a slave, but had exchanged his slavery for the emancipating yoke of Christ, might aspire to the Papal Throne. Thus the axe was laid at the root of anything like caste or unrighteous privilege. The principle of equality having gained this practical realization, it could only be a question of time for it to reduce the world to its sway.

But further still, the generating method, to call it so, of the Catholic hierarchy, so far as external forms are concerned, rested upon a principle second only to that which has just been considered, we mean the principle of election. For those who have studied the history of the early Church, it is unnecessary to enlarge upon the large part that this principle played in her

primitive organization; and for those who are acquainted with the Church's canonical legislation, and with her actual methods of procedure, as is evidenced by the manner of appointment to the Apostolical Throne itself, it is equally unnecessary to point out how widely the principle of election enters into them. Now election means choice; and the rule of the Church's choice is *Optimus eligatur*.² For, "they commit a deadly sin, and become partakers in other men's sins, unless they take diligent care that those be set over [the Churches] whom they themselves judge *most worthy and most useful* to the Church."³ Or, again, "Every elector is bound under pain of mortal sin, and of damnation consequent thereon, to give his vote with full knowledge of the cause, and to inquire fully into the capacities of the person whom he may elect. By neglecting such inquiry and investigation, the voters sin, in fact, in a grave matter, since they are bound, in virtue of their office, to take necessary precautions for avoiding the election of the unworthy, or of *the less capable, to the prejudice of the community* and its members, who are to be governed by such men."⁴ A Government of this description, and kept in life and vigour by such methods, could not fail to cast a great light on the surrounding world. High principles like these could not fail to attract attention and commend themselves to mankind. Nay, it is impossible that such models should not have secured imitation in the social and political relations of human life. The first step towards self-government in the true sense of the term was made when men had once taken the trouble to master the principles and nature of the Church's organization. And here it is quite legitimate to express the regret that the above sage and just rules are not widely placarded in our streets and attached to the polling-booths at election times in our own day.

One more preliminary observation may be permitted, that, in estimating the effects of the action and influence of a vast institution like the Church upon the varying mass of civil and political systems around her, it is unfair and unscientific to generalize from a few isolated cases, or even from the external aspect of any particular epoch. Principles do not attain their scope at once; they act at long ranges. The stream that starts from its mountain bed has to seek its ocean home, and it will

² Decr. 1. part. Dist. lxiii. 19. *Optimus ordinetur*.

³ Conc. Trid. Sess. 24, *De Ref.* c. i.

⁴ Decret. Greg. *De Electione*. 7. *Cum in cunctis*.

certainly find it; but not till it has traversed many a lonely land, and bathed the walls of many a stately city; rushed through rugged ravine or gloomy gully, and slowly meandered through loamy lowlands; gracefully swept round the base of the curving hill, or leapt down in foam from the brow of the towering precipice; nay, even sometimes not without having for a time retraced its steps, but only the more surely to win its end. Principles too, in like manner, that are intended to influence human life, especially principles designed to further its march to some great end, cannot fail of their ultimate development, though at the expense of many an apparent or partial failure owing to the numberless disturbing causes that must cross their course. Special and abnormal circumstances, local peculiarities, accidental interruptions, personal idiosyncrasies, the *vis inertiae* of human nature, the dead weight of evil routine, the barnacles that abuse will attach to every human instrument, must all be encountered in the long evolution, and sometimes even they will seem to win the day, but only seem to do so, for even at times when obstacles appear most triumphant, principles that are true and living, will be filtering down and penetrating their very base, sapping their foundations, and preparing the final crash, when they shall topple down in helpless ruin. And such must especially be the nature of the practical realization of the Church's principles, simply because they are moral principles that have direct impact upon the seething Protean mass of human wills. Therefore to estimate her influence by the isolated action of this or that particular Bishop or Pope, or even by her attitude as regards the present question for instance at any given epoch, is unphilosophical and irrational. Though in this matter, at least as regards the latter case, we should have little cause to shrink from the test. Mr. Stubbs' evidence, as has been noticed in a recent essay, is clear on this point. Speaking of the political situation in the time of John, he says, "The national party was generally in close alliance with the clergy, whose zeal for their own privileges extended to the defence of the classes from which they chiefly sprang, and whose vindication of class liberties maintained in the general recollection the possibility of resisting oppression."⁵ And so again he says, "No division of the clergy ever sympathized with the feudal party," question being here of feudalism in its state of degeneration or decline. Then, he says, "From the beginning of the thirteenth century the

⁵ *Documents Illustrative of English History*, p. 31.

struggle is between the barons, clergy, and people on the one side, and the king and his personal partisans, English and foreign, on the other."⁶ Lastly, speaking of the elective principle, he adds, "The idea of election was very ancient in the nation, and had been theoretically maintained in both the highest and the lowest regions of the polity; the kings and prelates were supposed to be elected; the magistrates of the towns, the judicial officers of the counties and forests, were really so from the beginning of the century, if not before. In this, as in every other constitutional point, the freedom claimed and often secured by the clergy, served to maintain the recollection or idea of a right."⁷ In other words, the Church by her fundamental principles, was acting as a leaven which could not fail in the long run to leaven the whole mass around her.

Last of all, and emphatically, she was acting as a leaven in this way, that her spiritual function was to uphold the majesty and supremacy of law in the world; and that not of any law, such as might be adulterated by figments of mere human invention, but of that unchangeable law which has its source in God. But the Divine Law, while insisting upon submission and obedience to all legitimate authority, which indeed is but an assertion of the necessary sovereignty of God Himself, is far reaching in its provisions, and knows nothing of one-sided obligations and responsibilities. If it is the duty of the subject to obey, it is equally the duty of the ruler to govern justly, and to secure for his subjects full freedom of self-action in all spheres where such self action is a natural right, or perchance a necessary obligation. So true is it, that where there is law, there only there is liberty. The Church, therefore, being the Home of Law, must always be the great bulwark of the liberties of mankind.

But enough as to Catholic principles in this matter. Let us now turn to the allegation that, whatever may be said about the Church's theoretical principles, she has in practice failed to carry them out. That, in point of fact, she has always been on the side of despotism and oppression; that this fact is notably proved by the history of the mediæval centuries. The middle ages, when the Church was in full power, were times of slavery; modern times are times of freedom. And yet strong things have been said in denial of this proposition, and that by men fully qualified to speak, and from whom such speech might

⁶ *Documents Illustrative of English History*, p. 33.

⁷ *Ibid.* 45.

hardly have been expected to issue. Guizot says with reference to the time when the great storm wave swept over the Roman world, and threatened to subvert its very foundations. "Had it"—Christianity—"not been a Church, I cannot say what might have happened to it amid the fall of the Roman Empire. . . . There existed at that time none of those means by which, in the present day, moral influences establish themselves, or offer resistance independently of institutions; none of those means whereby a pure truth, a pure idea, obtains a great empire over minds, governs actions, and determines events. Nothing of the kind existed in the fourth century to give a like authority to ideas and personal sentiments. It is clear that a society strongly organized and strongly governed was indispensable to struggle against such a disaster, and to issue victorious from such a storm. I do not think that I say more than the truth, in affirming that at the end of the fourth, and the commencement of the fifth centuries, it was the Christian Church that saved Christianity; it was the Church, with its institutions, its magistrates, and its power, that vigorously resisted the internal dissolution of the empire of barbarism; that conquered the barbarians, and became the bond, the medium, and the principle of civilization between the Roman and the barbarian worlds."⁸

We will not pause to estimate the validity of M. Guizot's suppressed inference in this passage as to the possible ability of Christianity to stand alone in modern times, independently of institutions. Certainly the aspect of the present day in religious matters is far from warranting the conclusion. It is sufficient for our purpose to note that what is substantially conveyed by the passage is that the Church was actually the foundation of mediæval times, and that being so, it may be justly inferred that her principles and constitution would influence those times in some real way, and that the manifestation of her influence must necessarily be sought in the social complexion and civil and political institutions of the period. But with respect to the question that occupies us, one very remarkable phase of the middle ages is thus displayed by one whose prepossessions were certainly not favourable to the Catholic Church. M. Augustin Thierry says: "We have been far outstripped in the quest for public liberties by those burghers of the middle ages who rebuilt the walls and revived the civilization of the old

⁸ *Hist. of Civiliz. in Europe*, Lect. 2.

municipal cities."⁹ And in using these words, M. Thierry rests upon an unquestioned historical fact, for he is referring to that great movement commencing in the eleventh, and spreading over the following centuries up to the fourteenth, which he has himself qualified as *La Révolution Communale*, a title to which Guizot justly objects, for the word revolution is now the record of many an evil memory, the expression of many a wild conceit, and the warrant for many a high-handed deed of injustice and crime. Revolution now speaks to us, not of evolution, progressive and orderly in the main, notwithstanding periods of spasmodic action, but of the extinction of dynasties and the subversion of thrones, of the substitution of republic for monarchy, or monarchy for republic, of absolutism for liberty, whether clothed in autocratic or democratic form, but seldom of the replacement of tyranny by liberty, of the tearing up by the roots of those fundamental principles of freedom—of authority and of respect for the law of God upon which Christian society has hitherto reposed. "The struggles from the eleventh to the fourteenth centuries," says M. Guizot, "which gave birth to so many communes, had not so deep a significance. The populations had no design radically to subvert the system which they attacked; they conspired, they swore faith to one another, according to the documents of the times, they rose in order to withdraw themselves from the oppression and excessive miseries to which they were subjected, but not to abolish the feudal sovereignty, or to change the persons of their rulers. When they succeeded, they obtained those treaties of peace called charters, and which carried with them changes beneficial to the insurgents, and were accompanied by guarantees more or less efficacious. When they failed, or when the charters were violated, the results were violent reactions, and mutual excesses; the relations of the populations with their feudal lords became stormy and full of vicissitudes; but at bottom, neither the political regimen nor the social system of the communes underwent alteration. There were at a great number of points revolts without any bond of connection, and local civil wars, but not a communal revolution."¹⁰

This is true, and yet so universal was the movement, that, were it not the manifestation of the working of true and legitimate principles, it might almost seem to excuse the name

⁹ *Lettres sur l'Histoire de France*, p. 13.

¹⁰ *Hist. de France*, tome ii. p. 3.

of revolution. During these four hundred years, to confine ourselves to that country as an example, the movement in question covered every part of France with these communes. And here let us lay aside any alarm that may be suggested by a somewhat ill-omened name; for it is certain that the word commune in those old times suggested nothing of what is conveyed by the term at the present day. They may be described as municipalities, or communities invested with self-government in all local concerns, and in the enjoyment of an amount of freedom as regards the individual action of their members, going far beyond what is possessed by their descendants for any time during the last three hundred years, and notably during the revolutionary regime. What these communes were we shall see more in detail presently; it is sufficient now to say that they represented the civil and social life of numberless populations during the middle ages. For they were the form of local government not only of large towns and cities, but even of small villages or union of villages. Just as there has been a rage, happily subsiding, for paper constitutions for the last hundred years, so there seems to have been a rage for the free government of the communes in mediæval times, when it was the contention of portly burgher and toiling peasant to have a voice in the transaction of all that concerned the march of his daily life and the security of his home. It would be idle to point out which was the healthier aspiration of the two.

The fact, then, is incontestable that there did exist during the middle ages an amount of public liberties unheard of even under the most favourable conditions in modern times, utterly suppressed, indeed, in those countries where what is called liberty has been most loudly proclaimed. Before trying to form an estimate of those liberties, let us pause for a time, to attempt some approximate appraisalment of the complicated assemblage of causes that led up to the communal movement in France.

These causes have already been partially enumerated; but in order to realize in any way their dynamical force, we must transport ourselves into the conditions under which French society was seething in the fifth century; a society made up of so many conflicting elements. There was the old aboriginal Celt, with the superficial polish, more or less deep, of Roman civilization and manners upon him; the conquering Frank, with

the memories of his native forests fresh in his recollection ; the Christian Church still in the vigour of youth, and advancing boldly from conquest to conquest ; not to mention the mass of floating adjuncts inalienable from a disorganized social state ; and out of these apparently incongruous masses of rugged or decayed material, social order was in some way to emerge and political unity to be constructed. There would be reminiscences, faint and confused, and even survivals, for such things do not easily die away, of the old Gallic village life which was the common heirloom of the Aryan stock, not to say a primitive tradition of the human race ; the longing after that tribal life that they had so recently quitted, of the conquering race ; remnants, mere forms and skeletons, but still remnants of the old Roman municipalities, which indeed were plentiful enough in the south of France ; these were the materials at hand for the social and national structure, decayed materials for the most part, and having little power of cohesion in them—and what was to range them in some measure into living order, breathe into them the breath of moral life ? The Gallic element was but a survival ; the Teutonic a more or less fading memory ; and what the old Roman municipality was, and what it had become, we have better means of knowing.

The Gallic municipality, as it existed in the decadence of the Empire, rested upon that which was the basis of all Roman society—slavery. The slave, *non tam vilis quam nullus* ; the slave, the *servile caput, quod nullum jus habet* ; the slave who was not so much a vile thing, as nothing at all, and who was excluded from every right, public or political, lay as the material foundation of municipal life. At the other extremity, the summit, if it can be called so, were the men of senatorial rank, privileged men, exempt from ordinary jurisdiction and having their own tribunal ; exempt from torture to which others were subjected, and exempt, too, from filling municipal offices, which, far from being sought after as an honour, were regarded as a grievous burden.

The second class of citizens, that of the curials or decurions, were those upon whom the weight of the municipal offices fell, from which they were not free to withdraw themselves, nor even to dispose of the property qualification of twenty-five acres, that brought them within the municipal body. These curiales were constantly attempting to abandon their position, entering the army, undertaking official functions, fleeing from their homes to escape

from the hated burden of municipal honours, to which on discovery they were rigorously driven back. And no wonder that office was thus regarded; for it involved not only responsibility for their own individual conduct, but also for the wants of the town, which they were obliged to supply out of their own resources if the civic revenue should be insufficient. In addition to the municipal taxes, they were bound to levy the Imperial imposts, for which they were again answerable in the event of failure to raise the full amount.

Besides these three classes, in a Roman municipal town there was a fourth, the *plebs*, consisting of small proprietors and free artisans or members of the trade corporations; but their number was small, and of inappreciable influence in the community, having a continual tendency to lose itself, by absorption into the curia on the one hand, or the mass of slavery on the other.

From what has been said, it is evident that the Roman municipality in Gaul had degenerated into a mere tax-gathering machine, and that it was without vitality in respect of the functions of civil and political life, and therefore in itself powerless in a time of confusion like the transition from the fall of the Empire to the mediæval period.

But there is another factor to be taken into account, besides those we have already considered. While the Empire had grown old and was sinking into dissolution, the Christian Church had appeared clothed in the light and the freshness of the morning; and upon her shoulder rested the burden of the government that the failing strength of paganism and Cæsarism was capable of supporting no longer. To her lot it fell to gather the scattered elements of which we have spoken into her bosom, to make them instinct with life, and weld them into one vigorous whole. Her principles were clear, her organization in perfect working order, and to her the old municipalities turned in their decrepitude and helplessness, and under her fostering care they took new forms and made the first steps towards being the vital institutions that they eventually became.

The bishops became the natural heads of the communities, deserted as they too often were by their ancient leaders on the approach of the barbarian hosts; and the clergy were called upon to exercise similiar functions in the smaller towns or villages. In short, what happened to the Pope with reference to Rome itself, befell also the clergy in their more limited spheres of duty, in the deliquium of the Roman world. The

old rulers fell away and voluntarily abandoned their posts, and the Pope and clergy were constrained to occupy their place to a considerable extent to preserve the social fabric from total ruin. This they did by the practical application of the principles of the Christian faith; and thus the beginnings were made of that communal system that flourished with so much vigour from the eleventh to the fourteenth centuries, a period of good three hundred years. The beginnings, we repeat, for the feudal period had to be passed through before the communal system received its full development. And, indeed, the great movement of which we have spoken was the reaction, or to speak more accurately, the practical application of Christian principles against the abuses of the feudal system. Against the abuses of feudalism, we say, for there is no question that feudalism had its good side. It was a necessary transitional phase of human society when emerging from the confusion that resulted from the collapse of the Empire and the infusion of the barbarian element. No institution so vast could have overshadowed Europe so long if it had not been a genuine evolution from pre-existing conditions, and in fact in its commencement it was based on mutual service and mutual protection between the lord and the vassal; and no doubt it did good work in its time in ways too many to be enumerated here.

But in the feudal as well as in any other system where there is a concentration of wealth and power in individual hands, as long as human nature is what it is, abuses will arise; and no one will assert that such abuses were absent during the ascendancy of feudalism. That great institution had done its work, fallen into decline and become oppressive, when the son of the humble carpenter of Soane mounted the Chair of Peter as Pope Gregory the Seventh, to change the face of the world. To replace feudalism by a great Christian Commonwealth, of which the Vicar of Christ should be the moral corner stone, such and nothing less was the grand idea that Hildebrand, himself sprung from the lowest ranks of the people, carried with him up the steps of the Pontifical Throne. A project like this meant nothing short of open war upon all that was powerful in the society of the day; upon the feudal aristocracy, upon royalty, nay, upon the higher clergy themselves, for it could not be otherwise than that the clergy should have become mixed up to a great extent with the feudal system. But

Gregory was equal to the task. "Gregory," says M. Lavallée, whose testimony cannot be suspected of partiality to the Church, "was a man of vast and fruitful genius, inflexible, full of a faith of the most ardent and purest stamp; in fact, the most virtuous and greatest man of the age. Besides he had on his side the mass of the people and the monks, who looked upon him as their representative and defender."¹¹ His cause, which was that of liberty, could not fail to triumph. "The monarchy of the Church," again says M. Lavallée, "was the commencement of liberty; it had nothing in it that was narrow or personal; it was the most illustrious triumph of intelligence over matter, and had the greatest influence over the popular revolution (or movement) that gave birth to the communes and the republics of the middle ages."¹² Or as C. Hégel sums up the matter in somewhat different words, "Municipal liberty in Italy sprang in the eleventh century from the episcopal supremacy."¹³

Municipal liberty in fact was a sequel of the victory of the Popes. And thus while in the eleventh century they had grappled alone, in single combat as it were with the Emperors, in the twelfth they were able to rally to their side in resistance to imperial despotism the municipal leagues that had sprung up on every side, of which the Lombard and the Tuscan were the most conspicuous.

In proof of what has been said, the following brief account of one Italian commune may be noticed, that of Milan.

Things were not in a good state at Milan in the eleventh century. A noble, named Guy, had simoniacally got possession of the see of St. Ambrose, and he was backed by a corrupt clergy and an oppressive aristocracy. The priest Landulfus and the deacon Arial dus, two men engaged in tuition, resolved to put down the scandal. They first assembled their scholars, and then the people, and made them swear to a league against those guilty of simony and concubinage. The Pope sent St. Peter Damian to reform the Church of Milan; he heard the complaints of the people, and compelled the archbishop and his clergy to sign a public condemnation of these two crimes. But these engagements were soon trodden under foot, and the deacon Arial dus assassinated by his enemies. But an old warrior named Harlembaldus, as powerful in speech as

¹¹ *Hist. des Français*, t. i. lib. i. c. iii.

¹² *Ibid.*

¹³ Cf. Provana, *Studi Critici*, c. ii. p. 148.

with the sword, threw himself into the breach, declared himself the champion of the Church, and received the gonfalon of St. Peter from the Pope.

Harlembaldus rallied the people round him, renewed the communal oath, drove the nobles from the city, and died in repelling a last attack of the oppressors.

Gregory the Seventh was Pope, and he took in hand the unfinished work of the deacon and the soldier, and crowned it with success. Simony and concubinage were put down, the nobles forced to a distribution of their power, and the municipality of Milan took that form which for two hundred years made it the bulwark of the Popes, and the terror of the Emperors.

This example has been selected because it illustrates what has been said above as to the unfairness of judging of the action of great institutions by isolated cases. For here at the first blush it might seem that the Church was on the wrong side. The archbishop and clergy were banded with nobles on the side of injustice and wrong; the rest of the population was trodden under foot. But archbishop and clergy were not the Church; neither did they represent her true principles. The brave protest of priest and deacon and soldier soon brought to light where those principles lay and what they truly were. They were with Gregory on the Throne of Peter, and he was not slow to bring them to bear on the side of the oppressed, and Milan became the home of those municipal liberties, which nerved her to act as the great breakwater of the times against the tyrannical encroachments of the German Emperors.

T. B. P.

(*To be continued.*)

Notes on the German Persecution.

WE have been accustomed to look on religious liberty as a secure and irrevocable conquest of modern civilization. We have seen its development among ourselves, interrupted here and there for a moment by some trifling obstacle, but still progressing steadily. We have felt its genial influence on social life, and the strength and cohesion it gives to the body politic. Experience has shown us that it in no way diminishes religious zeal or promotes indifferentism. While we have learned to tolerate one another's intolerance, we are more, not less, active in defending religious truth than our forefathers were.

The best men among us of all classes and creeds look with as much astonishment on the attempt, in a country which has enjoyed religious freedom, to revive the old doctrine, *cujus regio illius religio*, as they would on the revival of trial by ordeal, or of serfdom.

We therefore, in the first instance, are disposed to lend a ready ear to those journals which make light of the practical effects of the Falk laws in Germany.

We cannot bring ourselves to believe that in a highly civilized nation at our very door two thirds of the best-educated population in the world are engaged in an attempt utterly to root out the religion of the remaining one third; that in some districts already the ministrations of the Catholic Church are as entirely prohibited as they were among us in the time of the penal laws; and that the ultimate effect of the existing laws, if they are carried out, must be to exclude from Prussia every Catholic priest who does not carry on his ministrations by stealth.

If, then, we desire to inform that public opinion which the organs of the German Government seek to delude, and evidently therefore fear, we must not confine ourselves to publishing the text of the Falk laws, we must look into the

concrete working of this mechanism of persecution. We must realize ourselves, and enable others to realize its effect.

For this purpose it may be well from time to time to publish accurate accounts of the operation of the new confessional laws in the various dioceses which are subject to them, and we commence this month with the condition of Posen and Gnesen in August last.

1. In the diocese of Posen, twenty parishes, counting thirty-one thousand five hundred and twenty-two souls, were deprived of divine service, partly by the death of priests whom Government does not allow to be replaced; partly, by the imprisonment of those who refused to name the apostolic delegate.

The parish of Nekla, near Kostryn, one thousand two hundred and fifteen souls, is equally deprived of divine service. The priest of this parish, having corresponded with the commissary intrusted by the Government with the administration of Church property, lost the confidence of his parishioners, and was obliged to resign.

2. In the diocese of Gnesen, divine service has ceased in ten parishes (twelve thousand five hundred and thirty-three souls) in consequence of the demise of their vicars.

Five other parishes of seven thousand seven hundred and fifty-one souls were, during, more or less, four months, deprived of divine service, in consequence of the imprisonment of their parish priests, for refusing to name the apostolic delegate. They were released as soon as the Government succeeded in finding him out.

3. In both dioceses the Ecclesiastical Seminaries were closed—at Posen two years ago, at Gnesen three months ago. The two assistant bishops were exiled, and will be imprisoned should they return. The one was condemned to nine months' imprisonment for having consecrated the Oils on Holy Thursday; the other to six months' imprisonment for having given Confirmation, once only.

Fifty parishes at least, in the two dioceses, have but one priest, when, by the size of the parish, two or three are required. Young priests sent to these parishes two years ago, have been expelled, imprisoned, or banished.

4. In the parishes deprived of their clergy, no priest even from an adjoining parish was allowed to bear spiritual assistance to the dying, unless he obtained leave from the Chief President of the province, residing at Posen. The first transgression

is punished by a few weeks' imprisonment; the next, by a longer imprisonment, followed by expulsion from their country. Saying Low Mass, in another parish, whether it be in a church, or in a private chapel, was subject to the same penalty, if it were proved, that any one person was present besides the servers.

5. Some young priests wore disguise, and let their beards and whiskers grow in order not to be recognized, and to be thus able to make themselves useful here and there; none had been discovered. If they were, they would be condemned to prison for a period not exceeding two years, to be followed by banishment.

6. Parishioners bereft of their clergy, assembled in their churches for prayer and chanting in common on Sundays and feast days. If sometimes a priest in disguise entered the church and performed the service, sentinels were placed on watch in order to give notice, in case of the approach of the police.

When it became known that a priest had been in the church, and the police asked his name from the peasants, and whence he came, they always answered he must have come from Jerusalem or from Rome.

7. Domiciliary visits were very frequent. Some priests have had to undergo more than one. Private papers and letters, not only were read with curiosity, but were confiscated, especially if they seemed to throw any kind of suspicion on any one. Such searches could not be made unless authorized by the *procureur*. However, when they did take place illegally, complaints were of no avail.

8. Those priests who were imprisoned only for having refused to name the delegate, were allowed the use of books, paper, and pen, they might have light in the evening, and procure their own food.

Those who were in prison for the transgression of the May laws were denied pen and ink; their letters and newspapers were subject to inspection; and the permission of procuring their own food, and having light at night, depended on the good pleasure of their judges.

In the Duchy of Posen there is no case of their having been refused.

Mass was not allowed, not even in the chapel of the prison.

9. The heaviest penalties were inflicted on those priests who had refused to correspond with the commissaries appointed

by Falk to administer the property of the Church. This refusal involved enormously heavy fines, exceeding, in several cases, the yearly income of those who were condemned to them. If the offence was repeated, the delinquent was forthwith banished.

Performing spiritual functions on feast days, and on plenary indulgences, which attract numbers, and when so many priests are required, in an adjoining parish, were subject to the same penalties.

We subjoin a list of the clergy of Posen and Gnesen who up to August last have been imprisoned for infractions of the Falk laws.

LIST OF THE CLERGY

Of the Archdiocese of Gnesen and Posen incarcerated and banished, owing to the May laws.

I. THE ARCHBISHOP:

1. His Eminence the Archbishop of Mieciſlaus, Count Ledochowski, *in prison.*

II. BISHOPS:

2. The Rt. Reverend John Chrysostom Janiszewski, of Posen, *imprisoned and then banished.*
3. The Rt. Reverend Joseph Cybichowski, of Gnesen, *banished*, with the prospect of imprisonment should he return.

III. CANONS, PRELATES:

4. The Very Rev. Canon Korytkowski John, *banished in the outset, and on his return imprisoned.*
5. The Very Rev. Canon Woyciechowski Valentine, of Gnesen, *in prison.*
6. The Very Rev. Canon Kozmian John, Protonotary Apostolic, of Posen, *in prison.*
7. The Very Rev. Canon Kurowski, of Posen, *in prison.*
8. The Very Rev. Abbé Likowski, Prelate of the Household of the Holy Father, *in prison.*

IV. DEANS:

9. The Dean Andersz Ignatius, *in prison.*
10. " Bazinski Thomas "
11. " Bulczynski Edward "
12. " Danielski Victor "
13. " Friske Martin "
14. " Gantkowski Marcel "
15. " Hebanowski John "
16. " Kasproicz Leon "
17. " Kessler Charles "
18. " Krenpec Mathias "
19. " Krygier Jacob, *prison and banishment.*
20. " Kuczynski, Jacob, *in prison.*
21. " Kuklinski Ignatius "
22. " Lewandowski John "
23. " Michalski Andrew, *prison and banishment.*

24. The Dean Mierzeiewski Stanislaus, *in prison.*
 25. " Palzewicz Ignatius "
 26. " Pankan Francis "
 27. " Pawlowski John "
 28. " Pongowski John Nepomucen, *in prison.*
 29. " Roehr Jules "
 30. " Rynski Stanislaus "
 31. " Rzezniowski Gustavus, *prison and banishment.*
 32. " Sonchocki John Nepomucen, *in prison.*
 33. " Simon Joseph "
 34. " Tafelski Constantine "
 35. " Theinert Valentine "
 36. " Tomaszewski Napoleon "
 37. " Wiesner Augustin "
- V. PARISH PRIESTS AND ADMINISTRATORS:
38. Abbé Akoszewski Alexander, *in prison.*
 39. " Arendt Anthony "
 40. " Bartsch Theodor "
 41. " Beyer Anthony, *banished*
 42. " Formanowicz Anthony, *in prison.*
 43. " Gimzycki Valentine "
 44. " Knoblick Father, *banished.*
 45. " Koscielski Roch, *in prison.*
 46. " Marker Joseph, *banished.*
 47. " Mizgalski Charles "
 48. " Stagracyński Joseph, *in prison.*
 49. " Szulczynski Joseph, *banished.*
 50. " Zmura Apolinaire "
- VI. VICAIRES, YOUNG PRIESTS, AND MONKS:
51. Abbé Antkowski Val, *imprisoned and banished.*
 52. " Baraniecki Max "
 53. " Bancikowski Alb. "
 54. " Bonk John, *banished.*
 55. " Degler Ferdinand, *in prison.*
 56. " Drews Edward "
 57. " Eun Ladislaus, *imprisoned and banished.*
 58. " Froelich John, *in prison.*
 59. " Gawiecki Ladislaus, *imprisoned and banished.*
 60. " Gdeczyk Stanislaus, *in prison.*
 61. " Gockowski Ignatius, *imprisoned and banished.*
 62. " Goebel Rom, *in prison.*
 63. " Golas Jul. "
 64. " Grabowski Joseph, *imprisoned and banished.*
 65. " Grzeszkiewicz Jul., *in prison.*
 66. " Guenther Albert, *imprisoned and banished.*
 67. " Hellweger Jul. "
 68. " Hertmanowski Bronislaus, *in prison.*
 69. " Janke Bronislaus "
 70. " Jarosz Boleslaus, *imprisoned and banished.*
 71. " Kantecki Anthony, *in prison.*
 72. " Kinowski Anthony "
 73. " Konopiński Thomas "

74. Abbé Kruska Simon, *imprisoned and banished.*
75. " Kucner Rom., *imprisoned and then enrolled in the army.*
76. " Kulaszewski Anthony, *imprisoned and banished.*
77. " Lewicki Jacob, *in prison.*
78. " Loga Peter, *imprisoned and banished.*
79. " Mindak Boleslaus, *in prison.*
80. " Motylewski Anthony, *imprisoned and banished.*
81. " Muszynski Thomas "
82. " Nawrocki Val. "
83. " Noga Stanislaus, *in prison.*
84. " Pasikowski Charles "
85. " Poradzewski Stanislaus, *imprisoned and banished.*
86. " Powalowski Anthony "
87. " Raatz Francis, *banished.*
88. " Raczkowski Alexander, *imprisoned and banished.*
89. " Rybicki Fal. "
90. " Sobecki Ladislaus, *in prison.*
91. " Soltysinski Lewis "
92. " Spaeth Hier. "
93. The Rev. Father Stawory Bernard (Reform), *in prison.*
94. Abbé Steffen Joseph, *imprisoned and banished.*
95. " Szaykowski Albert "
96. " Szulczewski Cosimir "
97. " Tomaszewski Joseph, *banished.*
98. " Warminski Ignatius, *imprisoned and banished.*
99. " Wendland Ladislaus "
100. " Wesolowski John "
101. " Wolyniec Joseph (Emeritus) *banished.*

REMARKS.

Some are imprisoned merely because they have performed their spiritual functions without the authorization of the civil power; others, on feastdays at their neighbours, have been found to preach, say Mass, and hear confessions; or, in a destitute parish, to administer the holy sacraments to the dying.

Some in the above list, after the term of their imprisonment, have been set free.

Where mention is made, in the list, that any one has been imprisoned and banished, it is to be understood that he was first imprisoned and finally banished; or, else, first banished, that is to say, from the day of the accusation till the pronouncing of the judgment, and afterwards, on his return, imprisoned.

To these are to be added about fifty young priests in the last two years admitted to priesthood, and expelled from places appointed them by the ecclesiastical power, or compelled to seek for private employment either abroad or in the country.

Secondly, at least four hundred priests of the two archdioceses have been *fined*. The fines imposed are in some instances very large, sometimes as much as a thousand thallars.

Those that are kept in prison for not giving evidence against the delegate—and they amount in the sole diocese of Posen to twenty odd—are *entirely* at the mercy of the *procureurs*, and may be kept in prison for years.

August, 1875.

A letter before us from a priest who had been just let out of gaol, says : "We do not know how long we shall be at liberty. From day to day the Procureur-General may think it fit to put us under lock and key. This is not a pleasant look out, but if it pleases God to send us this trial, we have only to submit with patience and tranquillity."

Another letter contains the following passage : "This is the *modus operandi*. The police, or some inferior Government agent, lodges an information against a priest for having violated the May laws. The over president of the province, without waiting for any trial, orders the immediate banishment of the accused. The police carry him off to the frontier. This prevents him from defending himself, and is then generally condemned *in contumaciam*. By this means enormous gaps are made in the rural clergy, particularly in the parishes which join those where schismatical priests have been placed."

There follows then a description too long for us to insert, of the imprisonment of a professor who would not give information to the police of the hiding-place of his brother, a zealous priest for whom they had been hunting a long time without success.

Lastly, the Government, when it took possession of the property of the Church, engaged to pay fixed incomes to the bishops and clergy—the payment of those incomes was stopped on the 1st of July—only one of the canons of the cathedral by an exception, but very honourable to him, has been paid.

Contrast this violent and cruel proceeding with the course taken here in the disestablishment of the Irish Protestant Church. In the one case a whole priesthood reduced by a stroke of the pen to beggary ; in the other every vested right respected, and no one deprived of a single shilling of his income.

Such is the condition of the Catholics of Germany ; such are the trials against which, with unwavering courage and unbroken front, they are contending. To use the words of one of the most eminent men among them, "A gigantic war has been kindled against us, in which individuals may perish, suffer loss of earthly goods, and endure many sorts of martyrdom. Humanly speaking, we might almost envy the Roumanian Jews." But it may be asked, are the German Catholics free from blame ? Have they not refused to accede to laws reasonable in themselves, and in no way subversive of the essential principles of the Catholic Church ?

The heathen State, as Döllinger once wrote, was founded on

the principle of utility, of interest, and of brute force—it sought to penetrate all spheres of life, and as an ever working, ever grinding machine, to throw down the nations beneath its yoke. It believed, as up to the very latest times the Government of Japan also believed, that the doctrines of Christianity would undermine its very existence; worship of the fatherland was to it the soul of religion; freedom of conscience was unknown to it, and it saw in the Christian Church merely an unlawful society.

Can it be that the German State, which Dr. Von Döllinger now supports, is moving and acting on those principles he so eloquently and powerfully held up to the abhorrence of mankind?

We see the Catholic body in Germany, laity as well as clergy, united together almost as one man in their opposition to the Falk laws. We know that Dr. Von Döllinger's name and influence have detached from them but an infinitesimally small number, even with the aid of some of the most powerful of the Silesian nobility. Common sense forbids us to believe that several millions of educated men would wantonly and heedlessly subject themselves to obloquy, calumny, and ostracism. This seems a just and irresistible presumption.

The issue to be tried is, after all, a very simple one—are there or are there not provisions in the confessional laws which no Catholic can with a safe conscience submit or subscribe to? If there are no such provisions, the German Catholics are heedlessly subjecting themselves to persecution; if there are such provisions, the German Government is endeavouring to blot out from the Bible the command to obey God rather than man.

It would be a waste of time to recapitulate here the long list of vexatious and oppressive enactments contained in these laws. We confine ourselves to a very few of them. By a law passed in 1873, "No ecclesiastical office can be filled, either permanently or even provisionally, by any one who is not a German having passed the leaving examination in a German gymnasium—having studied theology for three years in a German State university, and having passed an examination regulated by the State in science." To this provision for forming the minds of the future priesthood of Germany is to be added compulsory service in the army.

The appointment of professors in the Universities is in the hands of the Government; already some of the professors of theology at Bonn are Old Catholics. What sort of professors

Prince Bismarck and M. Falk will appoint cannot be doubtful. If any nominal Catholic be appointed, it will be as a reward for well proved submission to the will of the State. Comment on a law which takes from the Church the education of her ministers is superfluous. What would be thought of handing over the training of ministers for the Scotch kirk to the Jesuits? and yet there are more doctrines held in common by orthodox Presbyterians and Jesuits than by Catholics and many of the professors in German Universities. Besides, as Edmund Burke remarks, "If a Roman Catholic clergyman intended for celibacy and the function of confession, is not strictly bred in a seminary where these things are respected, inculcated, and enforced as sacred, and not made the object of derision and obloquy, he will be ill fitted for the former, and the latter will be indeed in his hands a horrible instrument." And again, all modes of education, conducted by those whose minds are cast in another mould, as I may say, and whose original ways of thinking are formed upon the reverse pattern, must be to the Catholic clergy not only useless, but mischievous.

The law we have been considering was, as we have seen, passed in 1873. In 1874 a new law subjected to fine and imprisonment any ecclesiastic who exercised any ecclesiastical function, *e.g.*, said Mass for the people or heard confessions, unless he could prove that he was legally authorized, *i.e.*, authorized by the civil authorities. In 1875, all salaries and material advantages given to the Catholic clergy by the State or by public establishments were suspended upon the condition that they were to serve in any diocese where the bishop gave in writing a promise to submit for the future to all laws that had been passed or that ever could be passed by the State.

Power was taken in dioceses where the bishop refused to sign this engagement to restore his salary to any priest taking the oath.

Finally the law to regulate the administration of vacant Catholic bishoprics contains the following clause.

"Any ecclesiastic who wishes to exercise episcopal rights or duties must address in writing the President of the Province, and among other things must declare that he is ready to swear that he will observe all the laws of the State."

The Prussian bishops assembled at Fulda, on the 2nd of April, 1875, prayed the Emperor not to require from them this oath. "Such a declaration," they said, "made unconditionally

is irreconcilable with the conscience of a Christian." Their prayer was contemptuously refused. We leave it to every Englishman, whatever may be his creed, to judge whether a Catholic bishop could be an honest man who swore to observe without reserve or restriction laws assuming the supremacy of the State over the Church, taking away from the ecclesiastical authorities the education of the clergy, and submitting all ecclesiastical functions—the administration of the sacraments, public worship, the saying of Mass—to the civil authorities. The Prussian Minister of Justice, Dr. Leonhardt, in 1874, in no way questioned the incompatibility of these oaths with the conscience of Catholics. In supporting a law authorizing the Government to withdraw from ecclesiastics who after fine and imprisonment continued to resist the confessional laws, the rights of citizenship, and to banish them, he used on the 21st of April these words, "I think that no one is obliged against his conscience to submit himself to the law of the State. He may separate himself from the State and, once outside of it, he may act as one who does not belong to it. In principle this measure of banishment is evidently just. He who in the State does not submit to its laws is banished from the State."

Let the Catholic Church cease to be what she is, let her teach by the grace of Emperors and Parliaments, not by the grace of God, or let her go.

This is the alternative offered to the religion of some twelve or thirteen millions of its subjects by the Government of Germany. Who could have imagined, save Edmund Burke, fifty-two years ago, that atheism could produce one of the most violently operative principles of fanaticism?

Who could have imagined, we may ask in our turn, that the almost total eclipse of dogmatic belief among the German Protestants would have produced the absolute denial of religious liberty?

They it was who commenced the persecution.

The stern cruelty with which it is carried on probably arises from the proud resolve of Prince Bismarck to crush all who presume to oppose his behests, but it must always be remembered that it was the national Liberal party who by making war against the Church the condition of supporting his Government, engaged him in the course he now so relentlessly pursues.

Our object has been attained if we have enabled our readers, by a description of the working of the Falk laws in two

dioceses, to realize however faintly the present condition of the Catholics of Prussia. The laity in a large and extending area deprived of Mass, of sacraments, of all the ministrations of religion. The clergy—many suffering, all liable to suffer, captivity, fines, exile—all placed under the alternative of deprivation of their means of livelihood, or signing an anti-Catholic engagement, almost every one of them accepting the martyrs and confessors' privilege, leave to suffer when in conscience he dare not.

The appeal which their generous and unswerving devotion makes to their brethren in the faith, will be responded to here. We trust that a day may be fixed on which every English speaking congregation in the United Kingdom, in America, in our Australian colonies, in India, at the Cape of Good Hope, may join together their prayers for those who are suffering persecution for justice' sake, and when the poorest among us will be given an opportunity of contributing his mite towards the assistance of confessors who have abandoned all their worldly goods for the sake of Christ.

Catholic Review.

I.—REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

1. *The Spectre of the Vatican; or the efforts of Rome in England since the Reformation.*
London: Gardner. No date.

As we read this book a sad misgiving takes possession of us. It is the sort of book that under any circumstances cannot be read without pain, for no one can help shrinking sensitively when things and persons that he respects and reveres are spoken of flippantly and scornfully. But there is keener pain and deeper sadness caused by the fear lest the writer may have himself once been a Catholic, and even a priest. Whether this be the product of the spleen of some unhappy priest who has lost his faith, there is not sufficient internal evidence to show. Indeed the book contains some blunders that such a man could hardly have made. A man who had had a theological training however superficial, could hardly have written *opus operans*¹ for *opus operantis*. To the British public in general no doubt such words simply savour of the "jargon of the schoolmen," but a man who had read a little theology would know that he might as well say *horse-chesnut* when he wanted to say *chesnut horse*.

The writer has been about England a good deal, and has visited most of our colleges and monasteries. His knowledge of them has just that superficial accuracy that might be so acquired, but of their interior life, or of the feeling of priests on the mission, he is perfectly ignorant. But he has mixed with Catholics, if he has not been one, and has that smattering of information which gives an appearance of being well informed. And we should like to ask him whether it is gentlemanlike to make use in print of what he has learnt in private conversation. For instance, he says² that Bishop Baines joined in the old monastic refrain, *Gaudeamus igitur*, the night before he died. The Bishop was found dead in his bed in the morning, and the story of the song overnight might point a moral on the suddenness of death, but there is no reason why it should appear in this ill-natured way except the wish to show an intimacy with Catholics, from whose conversation alone such a detail would be learnt. This book is not the only proof afforded by modern literature that an ungenerous use can be made of the absence of

¹ P. 121.

² P. 93.

mystery that characterizes the conversation of Catholics in England. What happens among us we talk of freely, but it is too bad that competitors in the literary market should spice their articles with details that they have thus heard.

The title-page of the *Spectre of the Vatican* bears a quotation from Mr. Gladstone respecting the "imagined growth of the Roman Church in this country." The book is intended to show "that so far from Anglo-Roman missionaries having obtained, or being ever likely to obtain, the stand-point they covet in England, their history, their ways, and their means need cause no more alarm in the minds of honest men than any other ghost story."³

Perfectly true, but the writer goes the wrong way to work to prove it. The panic fear of Catholics is unreasoning and unreasonable. The cure for it is to let people see the truth about Catholics. As you lead a shying horse quietly up that he may see for himself what the object really is that frightened him; as you walk up to the dressing-gown hanging in the twilight that made you jump as if you saw a ghost: so there is no remedy for a panic dread like that which from time to time bewitches the English people but a real knowledge of Catholics as they are. And it is a great comfort to see that as the Catholic religion has shown itself more and more, so prejudices have lessened. The more numerous we have become, the more our churches have multiplied, the less we are dreaded by our countrymen.

The writer of the *Spectre* would lay the ghost by showing from "trustworthy information, rightly reasoned upon"—

"(a) That the missionary success of Rome in England is immensely exaggerated.

"(b) That the resources towards adequately educating clergymen for the Anglo-Roman mission-field, fall far short of the popular estimate.

"(c) That the ecclesiastical discipline of Rome too completely transforms the relation of persons to persons and things, not to render futile any fear of its ever finding a home in this country."⁴

The second of these statements is only too true. There is a lamentable want of resources for ecclesiastical education. What the "popular estimate" of them may be we do not know, but they fall far short of the requirements of the country, and we fear have not kept pace with the general advance of religion. The building of churches, schools, and convents has undoubtedly absorbed a disproportionately large share of the outlay of Catholics during the last quarter of a century; but it was natural that it should be so. Such things go in tides, and the past has been necessarily a church-building epoch. Whether the tide is turning yet is not clear, but when the pressing needs for churches and schools are supplied, one channel into which Catholic charity should flow ought certainly to be the provision of adequate resources for the education of candidates for the priesthood.

But on the other two subdivisions of this writer's text, we must join

³ P. 2.

⁴ P. 5.

issue with him, and say that his "information" is not altogether "trust-worthy," nor is it "rightly reasoned upon."

Can we trust the author's accuracy? Let us see.

"William Alan, sometime a Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, and a Canon of York, but better known to fame as Cardinal Allen."⁵ His name was Latinized, no doubt, into Alanus, but his family name was Allen. Fellow of Oriel and Canon of York he was, but not to call him Principal of St. Mary's Hall, is much as though, later on, he were described as Canon of Cambray and Rheims, and no mention made of the Presidentship of Douay.

The English College at Rome, "having been founded in 1579 by the joint action of a Dr. Owen Lewis and Dr. Maurice Clenock, Bishop-designate of Bangor under Queen Mary, had become miserably disorganized, when in 1597 Allen remodelled the statutes and called in the Jesuits, who continued to superintend the College without intermission up to the time of the great French Revolution."⁶ The writer has apparently never heard of the suppression of the Society. The College was governed by Italian secular priests for twenty-five years before the French invasion dispersed the students.

"A Dr. Owen Lewis"—well, Dr. Owen Lewis, or Lewis Owen, was Archdeacon of Cambray when he united with Dr. Allen in petitioning Gregory the Thirteenth to remodel the English Hospital at Rome into a College. He was afterwards Bishop of Cassano, and it looks droll to see so well known a man called "a Dr. Owen Lewis."

The College "founded in 1579 . . . had become miserably disorganized, when in 1597 Allen . . . called in the Jesuits." Father Alphonsus Agazzari, S.J., was appointed Rector, March 19, 1579, and the Bull of the foundation of the College is dated April 23, 1579. The experiment under Dr. Maurice Clenock did not last a year, according to Dodd;⁷ while this inaccurate author gives the College eighteen years existence before it was entrusted to the Jesuits.

"Mainly through his (Allen's) exertions, also, two other secular establishments were originated, the first at Douai, and by-and-by a second one at Rheims, under secular management however; and finally, a secular College at Louvain under the Jesuits; making seven secular Colleges in all, the missionaries from which long figured as *Seminary Priests* in the trials for treason at the Old Bailey."⁸ Douay College had been at work for ten years before the English College at Rome was begun. The two Colleges of Douay and Rheims were one and the same. Dr. Allen's College was moved from Douay to Rheims in 1578, remained there till 1593, and then returned to Douay. Even the title-page of the Douay Bible should have saved the writer from this great blunder, for the New Testament was published in 1583, while the College was at Rheims, and the Old Testament in 1609, after it had returned to Douay.

There never was an English "secular College at Louvain under the

⁵ P. 32.

⁶ P. 33.

⁷ *Church History*, vol. ii. p. 49.

⁸ P. 33.

Jesuits." The Jesuit Novitiate was opened there in 1606, but it was removed to Liège in 1614; and the House of Studies for English Jesuits, began at Louvain in 1612, was transferred twelve years after to Liège, in the place of the novices, who were removed to Watten. This was the only English College at Louvain, and there was not a secular in it. It is therefore amusing to be gravely told, "Of Cardinal Allen's three secular Seminaries in France, those at Rheims and Louvain had been dissolved some time before; but the Revolution completely swept away that at Douai."⁹

With the usual positiveness of his misstatements, this writer says, as if he knew, that the Colleges at their foundation were expected to maintain students at the rate of 50*l.* a head. He has perhaps heard that the Colleges cannot now educate a Church student for less. The difference in the value of money is enough to show that he is wrong; but it may interest our readers to learn what the cost was in the seventeenth century. We have seen a letter from Dr. Champney, then Vice-President of Douay College, dated February 12, 1625, in which the following passage occurs: "For their charges [the students] we will exact no more than 20*l.* per annum a piece, though we are told they at St. Omers take 25*l.* of their convicts; and in very truth it is not too much, as we find by experience." In the margin Mr. More, the clergy agent at Rome, has written "30*l.* here at Rome."

It is hardly worth while continuing our examination of the author's knowledge of this portion of "the efforts of Rome in England since the Reformation." The next sentence to those we have quoted is, "Allen vigorously promoted the formation of a Jesuit lay-college or school at St. Omers."¹⁰ Cardinal Allen was a good friend of the Society, but it is not likely that he "vigorously promoted" the foundation of St. Omers, for that College began in 1593, and the Cardinal was then suffering from the illness that carried him off in the following year.

"The Jesuit lay-school at St. Omers was one of the first to succumb to the mob."¹¹ The mob had nothing to do with it, the writer again confusing the suppression of the Society with the French Revolution. When the Society was under threat of suppression in France, the English College was transferred to Bruges, where it was called the *Grand Collège*, a school of little boys from Watten being the *Petit Collège*. At Bruges both Colleges were closed in 1773, not by the mob, but by Maria Theresa.

"Soon afterwards," the writer continues, "that at Liège had to be given up"¹² yet a few sentences later we read that "in the year 1796 the Jesuits of Liège transferred themselves permanently to Stonyhurst."¹³ The College at Liège was not "given up;" the transfer to Stonyhurst was in August, 1794, and at that time, as the writer will probably be surprized to hear, there were no Jesuits out of White Russia.

Another great blunder is to say that "when the Marquis de Pombal banished the Jesuits from Portugal, the English College at Lisbon

⁹ P. 44. ¹⁰ P. 33. ¹¹ P. 44. ¹² P. 44. ¹³ P. 45.

lapsed with them."¹⁴ Indeed it did not. The English College at Lisbon was never under the care of the Society, and therefore did not "lapse" with it.

To pass to our own times, here is a specimen of this writer's "trustworthy information, rightly reasoned-upon." "Any traveller who has had an opportunity of inspecting the College of the Propaganda, or other of the non-English colleges in Rome, also the seminaries belonging to the Roman diocese, where till lately the spirit of Jesuistry reigned paramount, cannot fail to have observed the vulgar and enervating rigours, the treacherous meanness, the puerility and the ignorance of life, which, down to the very year we live in, characterise their whole procedure."¹⁵ The writer, we must suppose, is a "traveller who has had an opportunity of inspecting the College of the Propaganda," and in the course of his "inspection" observed vulgar and enervating rigours, treacherous meanness, puerility, and ignorance of life! This traveller has unusual powers of observation, and knows how to make the most of "an opportunity of inspecting."

So again, "Who that has seen the kind of dinners served up in the various refectories, but will have recognized the folly of it?"¹⁶ The writer has also, it seems, "inspected" the dinners in the various refectories of the Propaganda, the Apollinare, the Capranica, and the other non-English Colleges of Rome, and that often enough to be able to "recognize the folly of it." "The lowering food may suffice to produce nervous Southerners, but can never be the stuff to turn out a hardy Northerner."¹⁷ But they have not got any hardy Northerners to turn out, and as for the nervous Southerners, may not an Italian College dine according to the Italian *cuisine*? "Bleeding in the arm once a month, according to a long exploded principle, is practised to this day upon every non-English collegian in Rome."¹⁸ Once a month! Some Italians are bled in the spring, we believe, but with his usual recklessness this writer states that every non-English collegian in Rome is bled once a month. There was no such rule or practice in the Roman College. The late Mr. Waterton, who was a hardy Northerner, did not think bleeding injurious; but granting very readily that it is a great mistake, the absurdity of this writer lies in supposing that the Colleges in Italy are unlike the rest of the nation. If such practices are national, they will be found in the Colleges, no doubt. He seems to suppose that the Superiors bleed their students in order to keep them tame. Is this what he means by "vulgar and enervating rigours"?

And, after all, this has nothing to do with "the efforts of Rome in England since the Reformation." Our author "must in justice admit that some of this commentary does not now apply to the English Colleges in Rome, or to the other Anglo-Roman Colleges in Portugal or France. England touches nothing but she raises it."¹⁹ And accordingly, "the place is well dieted also. As aforesaid it seems an

¹⁴ P. 46. ¹⁵ P. 50. ¹⁶ P. 51. ¹⁷ P. 51. ¹⁸ P. 51. ¹⁹ P. 55

advance, and one all the braver because made under the eye peering down upon them from the Vatican windows," &c.²⁰

Unfortunately a few sentences cannot give an adequate idea of the arrogance and superciliousness of this poor man, and we cannot spare room for a page or two more of extracts. But we must say a few words on his handling of statistics.

Now we have no object in exaggerating the increase of numbers of priests or churches or convents among us of late years; and if this writer, in spite of his flippancy, would help us to a true estimate, as such subjects are interesting in themselves, we should be much obliged to him. But his inaccuracy and untrustworthiness accompany him into this field.

He begins with a quotation from Father Leander, taken from the *Clarendon Papers*, vol. i., to the effect that there were in 1634 "in England 500 or more of the secular clergy; about 250 Jesuits; 100 Benedictines, more or less; 20 Dominicans; as many Carmelites; more than 30 Franciscans; 4 Scotch and English Capuchins; and as many Minims.' These will be seen to give a sum total of nearly 1,000 missionaries, of whom perhaps half were Regulars. The report, however, does not include those who resided in the English colleges or monasteries abroad, and who, if they had been added in, would certainly have augmented the number by 500, if not by more, so as to have raised it at that time to at least 1500 in all."²¹

Father Leander has certainly overstated the number of priests in England by one-half or thereabouts. We have seen a paper of information sent in 1631 to the Clergy Agent in Rome, which said "the secular priests amount not fully to the number of 260 throughout all England, whereof 22 are vicars and archdeacons. The Jesuits are in my books not passing 120, but there are I believe more in England, perhaps in all 150. The Benedictines are about 60 in my book, but I believe there are more of them in England, perhaps near upon 100. The Franciscans are about some 20 or less; Dominicans 7 or 8; Carmelites 2 or 3; Minims 2, and they Scottish; Oratorians, besides Father Philip and his companion, I think one or two at most; Capuchins 1, besides the French." This makes a total, excluding the Queen's French Capuchins, of 548, even taking the highest numbers named: a far truer estimate than the other. As far as the Jesuits are concerned, we have some means of checking the estimate by the fact recorded by Father Henry More in his *History of the Province*, p. 435, that in 1620 there were scattered throughout England 109 Jesuits, all priests. Making all allowance for increase, and even rapid increase in the course of the next twelve or fifteen years, 150 is evidently nearer the truth than 250.²² The estimate, again, of 500 English priests on the

²⁰ P. 56.

²¹ P. 42, note.

²² As far as we know, the highest number of Jesuit fathers in the English Province in the seventeenth century was 214, and that was in 1665. The average between 1671 and 1680, of which ten years we have an almost unbroken series of Catalogues, was 175 priests. These were not all in England.

Continent in 1634 is largely in excess of the truth. Looking to those who were living in Colleges or religious houses, who were either coming to England or were preparing others to come over, 150 or 160 would be an ample estimate of the priests. Of course we are not counting in students or lay-brothers. There may then in all have been 600 English priests at that time, including those living abroad, instead of 1500.

This writer says that "as at the beginning of the present century, and after the whole of the Anglo-Roman missionaries had retreated from the Continent and redomiciled in England, the entire body in this country barely amounted to 500, evidently there had been a falling off, in a century and a half, of full two-thirds of the original number of missionaries." But he is wrong in supposing "that the whole of the Anglo-Roman missionaries have retreated from the Continent," for he overlooks the 41 names in the *Catholic Directory* for the present year of "Priests residing abroad;" and as to the number of priests in England having ever fallen to 500, it is very probable; but we cannot show that the number had ever exceeded 600. The first Directory which gives an alphabetical and complete list of Clergy is that for 1839, and it has a total of 610, from which deducting 78 for Scotland, we have 532 in all remaining for England and Wales. In 1851, the first year of the hierarchy, there were 826 priests in England, and 118 in Scotland. The Directory for the present year gives 1780 as the number of clergy in England and Wales, and 244 for Scotland.

"If therefore," our author continues, and he means it for right reasoning on trustworthy information,—“if therefore they have now risen once more to 1,500, such an increase simply goes to prove that it has taken them seventy-five years of the nineteenth century to arrive back at the same state as to numbers from which, under infinitely more adverse circumstances, it took their predecessors a hundred and fifty years to fall. Where then is the rapid growth? Surely history points the other way.” To a falling off, or to a growth not rapid? Which other way? We only know that 532 in 1839 has become 1780 in 1876.²³

We decline to follow this writer any further. He has a superficial knowledge of the state of Catholics in England, but his Protestant readers will be much misled by him. We confess that we do not think the book capable of doing much harm. We have heard that the account given by Steinmetz of the Jesuit Novitiate, helped to induce some to enter it who were hesitating; and so *The Spectre of the Vatican*

²³ We are told (p. 14) that the numbers given in the *Catholic Directory* "require large practical reductions;" and so 1728, the number given for 1875, is treated as if it were 1500. But the Directory itself shows what deductions should be made, as the number of priests in each diocese is made up to the number in the alphabetical list by an item in each summary of "unattached, invalided, or retired." These amount in 1875 to 48 in all. This writer's accuracy in the management of figures is shown when, after comparing the totals of 1874 and 1875, he says that there was "a nominal increase of 66 priests, although, by reason of 35 deaths, the actual increase amounts to no more than 31" (p. 96). Does he suppose that the alphabetical list of priests for 1875 contains the names of 35 dead persons?

will not keep people out of the Church, though it is apparently meant to do so. Those who have begun to feel the power of revealed religion, of the supernatural, of the grace of God, of an ascetical and mortified life, will not be deterred from following the call of God because such a man as this knows a good deal about the exterior life of English Catholics, and thinks that we shall not make an impression on England till we lay aside "the superstition of celibacy," and look to the cosy parsonages, to the nurseries and pony carriages of a married clergy as the characteristics of an ideal missionary.

J. M.

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2. *Catholic Church and Christian State.* A series of Essays on the relation of the Church to the Civil Power, translated with the permission of the author, from the German of Dr. Joseph Hergenröther, Professor of Canon Law and Church History at the University of Würzburg. Two vols. Burns and Oates, 1876.

This book must excite attention and interest, coming to us from a country where our fellow-Catholics are bearing up so nobly under an iron persecution, worked with such persistent skill against them, and the more so as every question it treats of is in hot debate amongst us, though, happily, just now our adversaries are not trying

To prove their doctrine orthodox
By Apostolic blows and knocks,

as is the fashion at present in the "fatherland."

One has but to open the book to see how full of matter it is for our interest. Besides an alphabetical index at the end, we have a good table of contents. For instance, the first Essay is on "The Holy See and Civil Allegiance." Then, to give the titles of some others, there is, "Doctrine of Infallibility," "The Vatican Council." There is a great deal about the much abused Syllabus. The relations of the Pope and the Bishops, and the Pope and temporal rulers are treated of; and not merely in abstract principles, but as we have sometimes in spiritual books, the preceding doctrine is confirmed by example, only Dr. Hergenröther's examples are not only good for edification, but thoroughly trustworthy history, so that in the course of these Essays we have many historical difficulties fairly explained by the truth being simply told, as in the conflicts the Popes have had with Kings of France and Emperors of Germany. Essay the Eighth is on "Pope Gregory the Seventh;" Essay the Eleventh on "Boniface the Eighth and Philip the Fair." We have Essays treating of the power of the Church in the Middle Ages. Essay the Sixteenth is on "The punishment of heresy and the Inquisition;" and so at last, in Essay the Eighteenth, we have "Claims of the Pope since the Sixteenth Century." In truth, the student will here find a perfect and trustworthy manual of all the questions which touch on the relation between the Church and the Civil Power, while ordinary readers will be able to arm themselves from the pages of the work before us with answers to

the cavils and misrepresentations of a dozen Gladstones. The book must certainly become a standard work, one which Catholics will lean on with ever-increasing confidence, and one, we may add, as to which the enemies of the Church will have no alternative but to be judiciously silent about it. We rejoice very much to see it so well translated, and so carefully edited.

We can hardly be mistaken in supposing that these *Essays* are the outcome of the learned professor's lectures, and no preparation could be better. Mere cramming will never do for men who not only listen but study for themselves; any rash or loose assertion is sure to be questioned. A professor must have so mastered his subject as to be ready to answer shrewd questions and subtle difficulties. Hence there is a clear, calm simplicity, and a quiet authority in these *Essays* far removed from the flashy articles we often see thrown off on such grave matters. No one need take up this book hoping to be dazzled by sharp fencing against the enemies of the Church. The tone is almost too subdued and gentle, which, to thoughtful minds, only brings the conviction of truth more home, and may, perhaps, stir up indignation against the untruth and injustice now so prevalent.

Let us give one extract from the *Essay on Gregory the Seventh*—

The assertion that Gregory's measures had no lasting result of any importance is not proved, because shortly after his reign even saints of the Church like St. Bernard and St. Hildegarde complain of the great corruption that everywhere prevailed, nor because the secular clergy, as well as the older and more recent orders, soon show a great falling off. Ascetics and saints are precisely those who, in such a matter, would see most clearly and judge most severely. What would St. Bernard say of the world now? In what terms would St. Hildegarde condemn the tendencies of this age to rationalism and materialism? The moral and religious life of any age can only be judged relatively. Our opponents ought to show that the times after Gregory were not better than those before his pontificate, as St. Peter Damiani, for instance, has depicted them, otherwise nothing is proved. The decline was chiefly local, and never simultaneous in all countries, provinces, orders, and societies. "A special dispensation of Providence has ever prevented the whole Church from falling at once into lethargy. When this has prevailed in one part the life of the rest has been all the more active, and has eventually revived the stricken lands. In the seventh century the Irish Church, in the eighth the English Church, in the ninth the French Church, in the tenth and eleventh centuries the Church of Germany flourished most luxuriously, and imparted life to the rest."¹ At Clugny discipline, relaxed under Abbot Pontius, was restored by Peter the Venerable; the Carthusians maintained for centuries the rigour of their order and the virtues of their founder; but these, exercised in secret, were unknown to the world, whilst the crimes of the age were only too apparent. St. Bernard's worthy successors among the Cistercians were William of Thierry, Alanus ab Insulis, the Irish Archbishop Malachi, Archbishop Peter Tarantaise; and the Order earned much praise from Alexander the Third, and worked most beneficially in France for a long time, and in north-east Germany with special success from 1198 to 1220. We find at this period many distinguished abbots, for instance, Werner of St. Blaire (died 1126), Liethert of St. Rufus, near Valence (died before 1114), and founders of orders, as St. Norbert, Archbishop of Magdeburg, and others. A temporary decline should not surprise us; it is the fate of all human things. Universities

¹ Möehler's *Kirchengeschichte*.

flourish and decay, States and societies have a period of splendour and a period of decadence, and each has many gradations. A learned Englishman, in the middle of the twelfth century, was of opinion that in every religious order there were persons who might compare with the saints of earlier times.² Chapters of monastic orders, Councils, and Papal decrees did much at that time towards maintaining and renewing the pristine vigour of these congregations. Should no attempt at reform be made because, if established, it may not be lasting? Holy men, who count it a gain to save one soul, would not thus reckon the cost of their labours.

After this long extract we need only say that it gives a fair idea of the translation, which certainly makes us feel very much at home with the book. We hope to see another edition called for before long, as we have here a real treasury of sound principles and historical facts which all Catholics who would hold their own and do their duty fighting in the Church Militant should be familiar with, and we might hope too that candid Protestants would read these Essays.

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3. *Christianity or Erastianism?* A Letter, addressed by permission to His Eminence Cardinal Manning, Archbishop of Westminster. By Presbyter Anglicanus. Batty, 1876.

A Letter addressed, "by permission," to Cardinal Manning, by a member of the Ritualist party, suggesting that a "Uniat Church" should be formed under the sanction of the Holy See in England, for the benefit of Anglicans who may be driven out of the pale of the Establishment by the anticipated decisions of the court created by the Public Worship Regulation Act, is certainly a "sign of the times." We are bound to say that the author of this pamphlet writes with a moderation, a courtesy—except to Anglican bishops—and a sincerity, which will prepossess Catholic readers in his favour. It has long been known to those who have had occasion to look beneath the surface, that the angry, captious, and abusive tone which characterizes the Ritualist newspapers, gives no fair representation of the temper of the majority of the party. That party, both among the clergy and the laity of the Anglican communion, but notably among the latter, contains a very large number of persons acting in the best faith, and making great personal exertions and sacrifices in their zeal for what they consider the honour of God. They are Catholics in heart, and only need more light to become Catholics in deed. Such persons have none of the sectarian spirit which so often disgraces the columns of the *Church Times* and other papers of the same sort. The writer before us seems to be one of those persons, and the tone of his letter, as we say, entitles him to respectful attention.

His proposals are certainly startling, though they express what has long been at the bottom of the hearts of many besides himself. The Ritualist clergy are to be conditionally ordained, and thus to settle

² Joh. Saresb. Polycr. c. xxiii.

practically the question of Anglican ordinations. Whether they are to retain their wives, or whether these ladies are to be drifted into sisterhoods, is not yet explained, but as no proposal is made concerning them, we may presume that the writer's views point to the maintenance of a married clergy. We do not say this sarcastically, but it must be remembered that in the Western Church, at least, a married priesthood is a thing utterly out of harmony with Catholic feeling and precedent. The Church thus constituted is to be allowed to have its services in English, and on the other hand, is to receive authoritative explanations of Catholic doctrine from Rome, and to acknowledge the Infallibility of the Pope. "The Alt-Catholic movement," says the writer, excites enthusiasm only in the breasts of *doctrinaires*, and Mr. Gladstone's Quixotic crusade against the Vatican Council is chiefly remarkable for its swift and complete collapse."

We are not aware that his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster has as yet made any reply to the Letter thus addressed to him. We are certainly not entitled or disposed to suggest what that reply would be if it were to be given. We have no means of knowing what sort of a body lies behind the author of the pamphlet, or whether the Ritualist clergy would endorse his proposal, especially that of the acknowledgement of the authority of the Holy See. The whole question of the principles on which the Catholic Church acts in allowing "corporate reunion" in the case of schismatical bodies is one which is well worth the attention of Catholic theologians at the present time. But are the Ritualists a body? At present they are but a party under the Establishment, and it remains to be seen whether they will ever be anything more. The proposal before us has at least this obvious inconvenience, that it suggests the creation of a new body, not the absorption of a body already existing. Would not the writer before us find that such a body would lack members if it were once created? Certainly a very large number of Ritualists would prefer, if they left the "Church of England," to become Catholics at once. A Ritualist clergyman, we should imagine, would much rather become a Catholic priest than a "Uniat" priest, and the question of Anglican orders could be settled quite as easily in the case of single persons as in the case of a body. People outside the Church make a great fuss about having the service in their own language, or communion in both kinds, and one or two other such points. But when they are once in communion with the Church, they find that they would much rather be like the rest of the world as to these matters, and would refuse the liberties spoken of, even if they were offered them. As a matter of fact, Catholics have quite as many English prayers and services as they like. The only "service" which on principle is not in English is that of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and we suspect that few Ritualist congregations, now that they have got so far in imitation of the Liturgy as they have, could feel the slightest reluctance to change their own Communion Service for the Roman Missal. Of all

the unfortunate productions of blundering service-mongers in the world, the Anglican Communion Service is the most unfortunate. We may be mistaken, but we fancy that most devout Ritualists must feel it to be so. The "Uniat Church" would probably make short work of it if it were allowed. They would therefore have to change their "Liturgy." If they did this, they would soon see the many inconveniences of translating the Missal into English, and as a right understanding of the doctrine of the Holy Sacrifice spread among them, they would come to see that the desire to have the Liturgy in English rests on a false idea as to that doctrine.

Perhaps we may be allowed, in a spirit of true friendliness, to make a few parting suggestions to this Presbyter Anglicanus, and any of his clerical brethren who may agree with him. The spirit in which he has written is excellent in many respects, and it is certainly, as we have said, quite inconsistent with the temper of bitter hostility to all things and persons Catholic which animates the Ritualistic press as such. But there is another form in which we have occasionally met with the same temper of bitterness and unfairness of which we speak. There are some among the Ritualistic and High Church clergymen who behave very honourably and candidly when persons under their guidance are led by their consciences to desire to submit to the Catholic Church. They reason with such persons, but they do not attempt to assume an authority which they have no right to, and when they can give no satisfaction to the consciences on which the attraction to Catholicism has dawned, they do not any longer oppose their following that attraction. But there are others who adopt an entirely different line of action. They declare it to be one of the greatest sins in the world for such persons to enter a Catholic Church, to speak to a Catholic friend, to read a Catholic book, to have any dealings with a Catholic priest. They do not shrink from forbidding them, in the name of God, to think of submission to the Church, or from taking on their own souls the incommunicable responsibility of answering for the consciences of others at the Day of Judgment. And all the time they have no answer to give to the plain difficulties of the Anglican position, except their own personal authority. That is, they assume that personal infallibility which Catholics disclaim even for the Holy Father, and they use it, not to satisfy consciences, but to keep consciences in that state of permanent dissatisfaction, the frequent issue of which is infidelity and despair. Let us hope that this pamphlet before us may be taken as an evidence that this system of spiritual despotism and self-deification is dying out among the Ritualists. It is quite time that it should be so. When people knock at the door of the Church in a respectful spirit as a body, they cannot be very consistent if they think such applications wrong when they are made by individuals.

4. *Jeanne d'Arc.* Par H. Wallon, Secrétaire Perpetuel de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres. Edition Illustrée, d'après les Monuments de l'Art depuis le quinzième siècle jusqu'à nos jours. Paris : Firmin Didot et Cie., 1876.
5. *Jeanne d'Arc.* Par H. Wallon, etc. Troisième édition. Paris : Hachette, 1875. Two vols.

These two editions of the same work may be said each to complete the other. The first in our list—which appeared later than the other—is one of those magnificently illustrated volumes which M. Firmin Didot issues from time and time, and which may be said to stand at the head of all publications of the kind, whether in France or England. Last year, if we remember right, it was M. Louis Veuillot's *Life of Christ* which furnished the text—hardly worthy of so great an expenditure of illustration—to what was on the whole a very gorgeous publication. This year the admirable book of M. Wallon, published some years ago, on the national heroine of France, forms the ground, which the publishers have certainly spared no pains to embellish and adorn. In truth, M. Wallon's memoir of Joan of Arc is a masterpiece in its kind. The history of the Maid of Orleans is singularly fitted for such treatment. In the first place, it has an undying historical interest,—an interest which gathers round its object the devotion as well as the patriotism of Frenchmen, and which is not likely to lose its attraction and power as long as France is suffering under the spoliation of two of her fairest provinces and is in almost daily danger of a breach on the part of her ungenerous foe of the truce which he almost regrets to have granted her on terms however severe. Then, the story of Joan of Arc belongs to a singularly picturesque period, which is not too remote to be illustrated copiously from old monuments and documents. Again, it is short, and almost every portion of it seems to have been providentially placed in the full blaze of day. The trials to which the Maid was subjected before her barbarous execution brought to light every possible particular which we could desire to know concerning her early life and wonderful career, and the documents drawn up at the time are still within our reach. Lastly, the character of Joan herself and her miraculous mission are enough to make us feel that no amount of labour bestowed upon such subjects can be too much for their importance.

We have said that the two editions which are mentioned at the head of this article mutually supplement each other. The grand illustrated edition is perfect in its way. There are views of the places connected with Joan's history, facsimiles of her letters, maps and plans, and a whole series of iconographical details. There is not an illustration too much, or too little. Nothing that required illustration has failed to receive it. The typography, the paper, the execution of the plates and the polychromes, all are as beautiful as possible—nor are there any serious deficiencies in the merely literary department of commentary, explanation, and elucidation. But in order to make room

for the extreme wealth and abundance of illustrations which have been lavished upon this edition, it has been necessary to cut away some of the more simply erudite part of the contents of the third edition, published by Hachette in the course of last year. Thus the historical student, who wishes to know all about everything that has any connection with Joan of Arc, will do well to furnish himself with this last-named edition, as well as with the more attractive and magnificent volume of which we have been speaking.

It is hardly possible to write even these few lines concerning the history of Joan of Arc without giving a thought to the question which is now being mooted as to her canonization. That question must be left to the judgment of the Church, and we may feel sure that, should she ever raise the holy Maid to her altars, it will not be merely for the sake of consecrating the national feeling which would fain adorn the shrine of the deliverer of France from English rule, by way of protest and to present a rallying point against the aggressions of Germany. Joan's character is intensely beautiful, even by a merely natural beauty, and no theory as to her career can be thought reasonable which does not consider it as providential and divinely arranged. It seems to end in failure and disgrace; but it is the failure of the Cross, a failure, perhaps, necessary, in the eyes of heaven, to secure the supernatural gifts of grace with which she had been endowed from being withered by human success. It is possible, as many have thought, that the Maid's true mission ended with the consecration of the King at Rheims, and that her career after that was a mistake. She certainly seems to have made slips in conduct and in tongue, during her time of torture, which dated from her being taken prisoner almost without interruption to her execution. These are enough to make plausible the theory as to the termination of her mission which we have just mentioned. It is quite another thing to say that they are enough to cast a slur either upon her heroism or her sanctity, or to make her death an atom the less a true martyrdom. Canonized or not, Joan of Arc will always remain one of the purest and noblest images in the historical annals of France.

6. *The Life of Pope Pius the Seventh.* By M. H. Allies. (Quarterly Series.) Burns and Oates, 1875.

It is curious that it should have been reserved for the Editors of an English Catholic series, and for a writer who is evidently still young, to bring into the world the best existing life of Pope Pius the Seventh. We claim this praise for the volume before us without any hesitation. It is true that Artaud de Montor's life of the Pope is a very meritorious work, and that the Memoirs of Cardinal Pacca and of Cardinal Consalvi have a value of their own. But the two last-named works, as well as M. de Haussonville's history of the *Church and the First Empire*, are not professedly biographies of Pius the Seventh, although from the

nature of the case his figure is so prominent in their pages. These works have been indispensable aids to the writer of the volume before us, which indeed could not have been written but for the information contained in them. Their existence has made it possible for an English lady to put together in a volume of no larger bulk than that with which the readers of the Quarterly Series are familiar, a life of the Pope which is quite adequate both as a history and as a biography, and which is, as we have said, the best which exists.

It is hardly possible to exaggerate the interest of the subject, either in itself, or in reference to the singular resemblance between the fortunes of the Papacy under Pius the Seventh and under Pius the Ninth. The history of the former Pope is full of great consolation to the children of the Church in any age, and surely not least in our own. We have witnessed the assaults of another Revolution upon the throne of St. Peter. We have seen another Pius in exile and in captivity, and another Emperor, raised up by military success, assume that character of persecutor of the Church which has never led to anything but ignominy and defeat. The circumstances are not exactly the same, for Pius the Seventh had no Garibaldi to deal with, supported by English gold and English fleets, and, indeed, the policy of our country in his time was at least such as to raise no blush of shame on the cheeks of English gentlemen. Napoleon, again, concentrated in his own person the several parts which have been played in our own time by his nephew, Bismarck, and Victor Emmanuel. Still, the principles of the history are the same in both cases, and will no doubt be seen by posterity to have worked themselves out to the same results. Each successive persecutor or plunderer flatters himself that he will be the first in his own line to avoid the chastisement which has so invariably been inflicted upon his predecessors, and each in his turn takes his place in the long gallery of examples of the just vengeance of God.

The authoress of the present volume has an hereditary claim on the attention and respect of English Catholics, and her work is certainly one of very great promise indeed. Her materials have been skilfully used, and the result is a work of deep historical interest, over many passages of which the thoughtful reader will be much tempted to linger.

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7. *The Lives of the First Religious of the Visitation of Holy Mary.* By Mother Frances Magdalen de Chanzy. Translated from the French. Two vols. Wash-bourne, 1876.
 8. *Flowers from the Garden of the Visitation, or Lives of Several Religious of the Order.* Translated from the French. Burns and Oates. Kelly and Piet, Baltimore.

We are very glad indeed to see so good a translation of the famous work of the Merè de Chaugy. Although its chief grace of style lies in its simplicity, it is yet a kind of classic in its way, and will form a fitting introduction to a study which we can honestly recommend to any one

who desires to breathe continuously the pure, bright, and fragrant air of heavenly simplicity and sweet humility which hangs about the beautiful spiritual garden planted by St. Francis de Sales and St. Jane Frances de Chantal—we mean the study of the *Année* of the Visitation. The biographies which have been collected by so many different religious orders, not only of their chief saints, but of hundreds of their less known members, are often the very best books that can be found for giving a stranger some idea of the interior of the religious life and of its several Institutions in particular. The key note is repeated over and over again, but not with entire sameness. It is seen how the Order maintains its original type and character, and impresses them upon its children, while at the same time there is abundant room for the development of personal character. Moreover, the ways by which favoured souls are led to the haven of religious life are wonderfully various, and wonderfully beautiful in their variety. And again, within the cloister itself there are lives and paths and characters of all kinds, no two exactly the same, though all are tending to the same end by the same means. A study of such a cluster of biographies as that before us, few though they are, is enough to give the reader an idea of the freedom, the largeness, and the bountifulness with which God acts in drawing souls to perfection.

Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen, qualis solet esse sororum.

Thus such a book, among other better ends, answers the purpose of extinguishing the fable which represents religious life as a Procrustean bed, on which all "individuality"—to use a favourite but bad word of modern coinage—is crushed out, and all subjects moulded to exactly the same size and shape.

The lives here selected are those of Mother Marie Jacqueline Favre, the first companion of St. Jane Frances in the commencement of the Visitation; Mother Jeanne Charlotte de Brèchard, the next in order to Mother Favre, and Mothers Peronne Marie de Châtel, Claude Agnes Joli de la Roche, Sister Claude Simplicienne Fardel, Marie Aimée de Chantal, the daughter of the Foundress, and sister-in-law of St. Francis de Sales, who lost her young husband while she was yet a girl wife, and soon after died in the convent of her mother, after having been allowed to make her vows of religion; Françoise Gabrielle Bally, Marie Denise de Martigny, Anne Jacqueline Coste, Marie Peronne Perney, and Marie Seraphique de Chamflours. We could gladly linger over the details of more than one of these lives, but if we once began, we should not know where to stop.

The second work named above is an American translation from a French work. The "Flowers" are culled from the great collection already mentioned—the twelve volumes, one for each month, in which so many hundred lives of Visitardines have been preserved.

9. *Sonnets.* By Sir Aubrey de Vere. A new Edition. Pickering, 1875.

By a curious chance, the merits of these remains of a very cultivated and refined mind might have been less appreciated than they are but for the appearance of Mr. Tennyson's *Queen Mary* last summer. The Laureate's drama drew particular attention to Sir Aubrey de Vere's *Mary Tudor*, a drama published many years ago, in which almost the same ground was traversed. The present worthy bearer of the name of Aubrey de Vere has prefixed a slight, a too slight, memoir of his father to the republication of his *Sonnets*. These poems won the admiration of Wordsworth, and a more competent judge of *Sonnets* could not be imagined. They are on various subjects, some historical, and others local. We select one of the latter kind.

CASTLE MARTYR.

A gentle voice, and plaintive, whispers here
Of an unfading, though a widowed love.
Where'er her footsteps wandered, 'neath the grove,
By the green margin of the waters clear,
Or through those laurel thickets never sere;
The seats she pressed, the lawns she loved to rove,
Flowers nurtured by her tender hand that wove
A living broidery o'er each quaint parterre;
All, all, unchanged, as when her own warm breath
For him diffused fragrance more sweet than flowers!
All bright as when the balmy evening hours
Lured her last footsteps by the accustomed path,
With him she loved; unconscious of the death
Ambushed, even then, in those delicious bowers!

For the historical class, these three fine sonnets on Columbus will suffice:

The crimson sun was sinking down to rest,
Pavilioned on the cloudy verge of heaven;
And Ocean on her gently heaving breast
Caught, and flashed back, the varying tints of even;
When, on a fragment from the tall cliff riven,
With folded arms, and doubtful thoughts opprest,
Columbus sat; till sudden hope was given:
A ray of gladness shooting from the West.
O what a glorious vision for mankind
Then dawned above the twilight of his mind;
Thoughts shadowy still, but indistinctly grand!
There stood his Genius, face to face; and signed
(So legends tell) far seaward with her hand:
Till a new world sprang up, and bloomed beneath her wand!

He was a man whom danger could not daunt,
Nor sophistry perplex, nor pain subdue;
A stoic, reckless of the world's vain taunt,
And steeled the path of honour to pursue
So, when by all deserted, still he knew
How best to sooth the heartsick, or confront
Sedition; schooled with equal eye to view
The frowns of grief, and the base pangs of want.
But when he saw that promised land arise
In all its rare and bright varieties,
Lovelier than fondest Fancy ever trod,
Then softening nature melted in his eyes;
He knew his fame was full, and blessed his God;
And fell upon his face, and kissed the virgin sod.

Beautiful realm beyond the western main,
 That hymns thee ever with resounding wave,
 Thine is the glorious sun's peculiar reign !
 Fruits, flowers, and gems, in rich mosaic pave
 Thy paths : like giant altars o'er the plain
 Thy mountains blaze, loud thundering, mid the rave
 Of mighty streams, that shoreward rush amain,
 Like Polypheme from his Etnean cave.
 Joy, joy, for Spain ! a seaman's hand confers
 These glorious gifts, and half the world is hers !
 But where is He—that light whose radiance glows
 The load-star of succeeding mariners ?
 Behold him ! crushed beneath o'mastering woes—
 Hopeless, heart-broken, chained, abandoned to his foes !

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10. *Travels in South America*, from the Pacific Ocean to the Atlantic Ocean. By Paul Marcoy. Illustrated by 525 engravings on wood, drawn by E. Rion, and ten maps from drawings by the author. Two vols. Blackie and Son, 1875.
11. *The Southern States of North America* ; a record of journeys in Louisiana, Texas, the Indian Territory, Missouri, Arkansas, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, West Virginia, and Maryland. By Edward King. Profusely illustrated from original sketches by J. Wells Champney. Blackie and Son, 1875.

Stay-at-home travelling has become much easier of late years, on account of the number of beautifully illustrated works which have been published on various countries. China, India, Japan, Spain, Rome, and other countries and cities have been set before our eyes in a series of magnificent volumes, while the French publication, *Le Tour du Monde*, supplies us annually with a minor collection of illustrations which we fancy are afterwards published in this country by Messrs. Cassell. Photography has been the great means of making these wonderful transcripts of distant places and buildings possible, and in a few years a diligent collector of this kind may be able to feast his eyes on almost any part of the habitable globe, with the certainty that the main features at least of the picture before him are infallibly faithful. We consider this a great advantage, and are very glad to welcome two such handsome additions to our gallery as the volumes now before us. M. Marcoy's book is a republication in a slightly changed form of an edition even more magnificent than itself. His adventurous journey from the Pacific to the Atlantic is told with great vigour—we are not sure that, if we were writing a lengthened article instead of a short notice, we might not here and there have to quarrel with him for his flippancy. The other work on the Southern States of America, seems to have appeared originally in the successive numbers of one of the great American monthly magazines. "The author and the artist, associated with him in the publication of the work travelled more than twenty-five thousand miles, visited nearly every city and town of importance in the Southern States, talked with men of all classes, parties, and colours, carefully investigated the state of the country, the labour question, manufacturing enterprizes and sites, studied the course

of politics in each State since the advent of reconstruction, explored rivers, and penetrated into mountainous regions heretofore rarely visited by people of the Northern States, and all but unknown to Europeans." Thus this book is not merely a book of illustrated travels. It contains a great amount of various information, such as is probably not to be found anywhere else, relating to the fortunes of the Southern States since the end of the Civil War.

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12. *The Works of Charles Lamb.* Critical and Dramatic, Tales, Essays, Criticisms. Edited, with Biographical Introduction and Notes, by Charles Kent. The Popular Centenary Edition. Routledge, 1876.

The neat volumes which form this Popular Series, issued by Messrs. Routledge, if they are somewhat trying to old eyes like that of the "present writer," from the smallness of their still beautiful type, have the great advantage of being well edited and of giving, at a wonderfully low price, a set of works which have established themselves as general favourites. Mr. Kent's edition of Charles Lamb is a worthy member of this series, and we are very glad to find so genuine and yet so delicate a humourist as Lamb brought within the reach of a very large number of readers. Lamb, among writers of his class, is like Miss Austen among novelists, the favourite of authors and writers, of men of cultivation and refinement, the genius who is most highly appreciated by those who are themselves most worthy of honour. Could he be translated? How would he read in French, or German, or Spanish, or Italian? We may be permitted to doubt it. We wonder how even our American cousins can quite take in his flavour. But as he has taught us how even the Chinese can go mad over "crackling," we must not doubt that a taste for him might become cosmopolitan. But he is essentially English, without a dash even of the Celt about him—a Londoner of the Londoners, the Londoners who love trees in streets, and flowerpots on their window-sills, and whose idea of the country is a quiet excursion in "pleasant Hertfordshire."

Perhaps not all the works of Charles Lamb would be worth preserving, except from their connection with his name. His dramas are certainly poor; and it is characteristic of him that he should have tried to spin a farce out of the scanty materials which are worked up in *Mr. H—*. But it is well to have him as he is, and all of him, as well as what belongs to the sister with whose life his own was so wonderfully bound up. The tragic secret which shadowed his home is now the property of all the world, though it did not, of course, appear in the earliest of his many biographies. Mr. Kent has well done his part in the present edition, both as biographer and as editor. We are glad to see that he refutes the imputations cast upon Lamb by one of the most recent writers concerning him—Mr. Carew Hazlitt.

13. *The Dusseldorf Society Prints for 1876.*

Mr. Washbourne, the agent of this society in England, has sent us the new issue of the famous prints with which we are all so familiar. The new specimens are quite equal to any that have preceded them. There is a Temptation of our Lord, an engraving of our Lord and St. Peter on the waters, an Annunciation, and several other very lovely subjects.

14. *The Little Book of the Most Holy Child Jesus.* A Prayer-book for His Children. By Canon Warmoll. Burns and Oates.

We hear something of complaints that our Catholic children are neglected in the matter of books and magazines. There is something of truth in the complaint; but such criticisms are often made without an adequate knowledge of the difficulty and expensiveness of good books and publications for the young. However, Canon Warmoll has stepped forward to supply the wants of children in at least one important matter. His little prayer-book for children is worthy of all praise, and we hope that it may meet with large success.

15. *Catholic Belief; or a short and simple Exposition of Catholic Doctrine.* By the Very Rev. J. Faa di Bruno, D.D. Burns and Oates.

The Rector General of the Pious Society of Missions has put forth this little book, which is evidently the result of a good deal of experience, in the hopes of furnishing a convenient pocket manual of religion and controversy. The contents are multifarious and miscellaneous, and we are quite surprized to see so many even collateral questions succinctly handled.

16. *Ceremonial for the use of the Catholic Churches in the United States of America.* Originally published by order of the First Council of Baltimore. Fourth Edition. Burns and Oates. Kelly and Piet, Baltimore.

There is no need for us to commend a work which comes to us on such high authority as this, and which has proved its usefulness by reaching a fourth edition. It is very well got up, and is a more available manual of ceremonies than any that is issued in this country. Our American cousins are leaving us behind in this matter.

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